



NO. 168.—VOL. XIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MR. SCOTT FISHE AS THE PRINCE OF MONTE CARLO IN "THE GRAND DUKE,"

AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I admire the enterprise of the Society for the Suppression of Street Noises. There still exists, I believe, an organisation for putting down vice; and some people are hopeful of extinguishing the taste for alcoholic liquor. When adventurous spirits hold a public meeting, certify that the earth revolves in a particular direction, and pass resolutions binding themselves to spare no effort to make it turn the other way, I shall applaud the proceedings, without taking any active part in them, because they testify to the inexhaustible energy of the race. When we lose our zest for suppressing something, or diverting immemorial tendencies, that will be a sure sign that the Caucasian is played out. There is nothing half-hearted in the crusade against the noise of London. It comprehends all vagrom men, like Dogberry. Some of us cannot abide the muffin-bell; others have an unquenchable animosity against the organ-grinder; others, still, would silence all dogs, fowls, and small boys. The distinguishing charm of the Society for the Suppression of Street Noises is that it embraces every enemy of all sounds whatsoever. Moreover, it gives us a handsome opportunity to fire our particular grievances at the head of the newspaper editor, just when his columns are left gaping by a lull in the babble of Parliament, and when he is even disposed to encourage the Society by declaring in a leading article that all noise is anathema.

A certain member of the House of Commons has for years coddled a little Bill for making organ-grinders take out licences, and otherwise restraining their melodious pursuit. This is not enough for the thoroughgoing reformers. They say that any householder is entitled to exclude itinerant musicians from his street without any regard to the wishes of his neighbours. I have a suspicion that, if such be the law, it is practically inoperative; anyway, the S.S.S.N. cannot stop at organs. It must justify a single householder in detaching bells from muffins, and from cab-horses, in forbidding the playful yell with which the street-urchin expands his lungs, in abolishing door-knockers, in banning crowing, barking, and caterwauling. "The day may daw," but the cock must not "caw." The difference between "mew" and "mi-u-ow" must be sternly enforced. Any conclave of cats, in which feline eloquence is greeted with long and prolonged purring, must be declared illegal. To some ears nothing is so maddening as the wail of a neighbour's infant; so the householder must have the right to prohibit crying babies from taking perambulator exercise within earshot of his windows. As this fiat might have the effect of closing every thoroughfare against criminally vociferous off-spring, some inventive genius would doubtless devise a plan for transporting them from the nursery-window to take their morning airing a statutory quarter of a mile above the chimney stacks.

Having achieved these easy social changes, the S.S.S.N. may find its energies cramped by certain diversities of opinion in its own ranks. Some nerves are tortured by the dull thud of an ecclesiastical bell, clanging a needless summons to devotions; yet it is possible that the reformer who should propose to silence this nuisance would be regarded by many of his fellows as no better than an atheist. To the brain-worker whose mind is stretched to its utmost tension, the sudden crash of drums and cymbals brings instant frenzy; but if he should demand the suppression of all military music in the streets, he would be scowled at as a "Little Englander." Moreover, there is an uncultivated public opinion which hates the interference of superior sensibilities. Who is going to enforce a law against the concertina with which 'Arry beguiles his evening rambles on a Bank Holiday? Personally, I think that dogs would be more attractive if they were dumb; but an old English writer calls them "instruments of music, both tending to delight and exhilarate the spirits." "A cry of hounds," he adds, "hath to my sense more spirit and vivacity than any other music." How are you to coerce people who are of that mind? How large a standing army will be needed to put down a Scotch rising in the Metropolis when the discourse of bagpipes is made an indictable offence? I submit these considerations meekly to the supporters of the S.S.S.N. merely to show that there are some trifling obstacles to the creation of a Silent London.

The spirit of romance has spread its wings over Clapham. For many years that quarter has enjoyed a tradition of respectability, elevated by chapel-going, a tradition which has made our modern realists in fiction invest Clapham with an atmosphere of stolid prose. At last this reproach is lifted, for Clapham Common is infested by highwaymen! A

peaceful citizen crossing the Common, with the large sum of four pounds about his person, was startled to see the bushes alive with robbers. After a desperate struggle, they overpowered him, and rifled his person to the last copper. Can it be that these marauders were high-spirited boys of Clapham, determined to redeem their native villas from a prosaic odium? In old times, it was the habit of gentlemen of good family, when civil commotions deprived them of legitimate advancement suitable to men of taste and leisure, to take to the road, and relieve the mean-souled sons of barter of fat purses. We read their glowing annals without any grave reprobation; indeed, their pluck and high breeding have often been extolled in ballads. Why should not the boys of Clapham win a greater glory? They didn't want the four pounds; they burned to endow their Common with the fine old crusted romance which still lingers on Hounslow Heath. At Hounslow you may meet the ghost of Claude Duval, just as at Gad's Hill, on a cloudy night, with four pounds in your pocket, you may tempt the shades of Falstaff's men in buckram. But bushrangers at Clapham! Captain Starlight on the Common! Every semi-detached villa must be thrilling with juvenile enthusiasm.

It may be that the higher education has something to do with this burst of outlawry. An American physician has been making experiments to show that special pressure on the brain must be counteracted by special development of the physique. Perhaps the Clapham boys found that freebooting on the Common was an imperative relief from mathematics. The American experiments, however, must excite anxiety in the over-educated. One of them illustrated the physiological benefit of laughter. The subject had a band round his chest, with a pointer which indicated the expansion of his lungs when he laughed. What made him laugh? There's the rub! To some of us, laughter, hearty enough to enlarge the chest, is a lost delight. The story-teller who can move his readers or audience to anything more than a faint smile or a subdued chuckle is almost unknown to an over-civilised community. What is to be done for the man who, with a horrid conviction that his chest is narrowing, seeks the stimulus of boisterous mirth? I can see his desperate face in a theatre, when the pit and gallery are roaring, and he cannot join in the cheerful din. I can see him poring over comic periodicals, with his chest falling in, and his shoulders jutting out, and never a laugh to fill his lungs with wholesome rapture. Some day an irresistible stroke of humour will set him in a roar; but it will come too late; it will choke him! What humorist among us is to have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that his fun was really killing, and hurried a feeble fellow-creature to the tomb?

Yes, if this American treatment is to be applied systematically, and anxious citizens are to watch the pointer every morning in the glass, the responsibility of diverting them will lie heavily on some writers. The best day for the chest will be Sunday, for then it is that Dagonet, the arch-provoker of genuine mirth, wields his unrivalled wand. There are merry jests of his, especially notes of Continental travel, which come back to me, after years, as fresh and spontaneous as when they were penned. I had a hope that "A House-Boat on the Styx," by Mr. J. K. Bangs, an American humorist who has amused me often, would prove to be a chest-expander. Mr. Bangs, alas! has collected a number of illustrious persons in the other world, and made them rather dismally facetious in the American vernacular. Dr. Johnson has a theory about the origin of the human race. "I don't know," he says, "if it be worth expressing." "It may be worth sending by freight," says Thackeray. Is this funny in the United States? Does it strike any reader there as an excellent burlesque of Thackeray and Johnson? Let us take characters from Shakspeare and treat them in the same style. Lepidus, very drunk, cross-examines Mark Antony about the habits of the crocodile—

LEPIDUS. Say, Mark, your crocodile's got a powerful kind of jaw.

ANTONY. That's so, Colonel. Big enough to run for Congress.

LEPIDUS. If a man should twist that animal's tail, now, I sp'ose he'd get left?

ANTONY. No, sir; there'd be nothing left of him when the crocodile called for a toothpick.

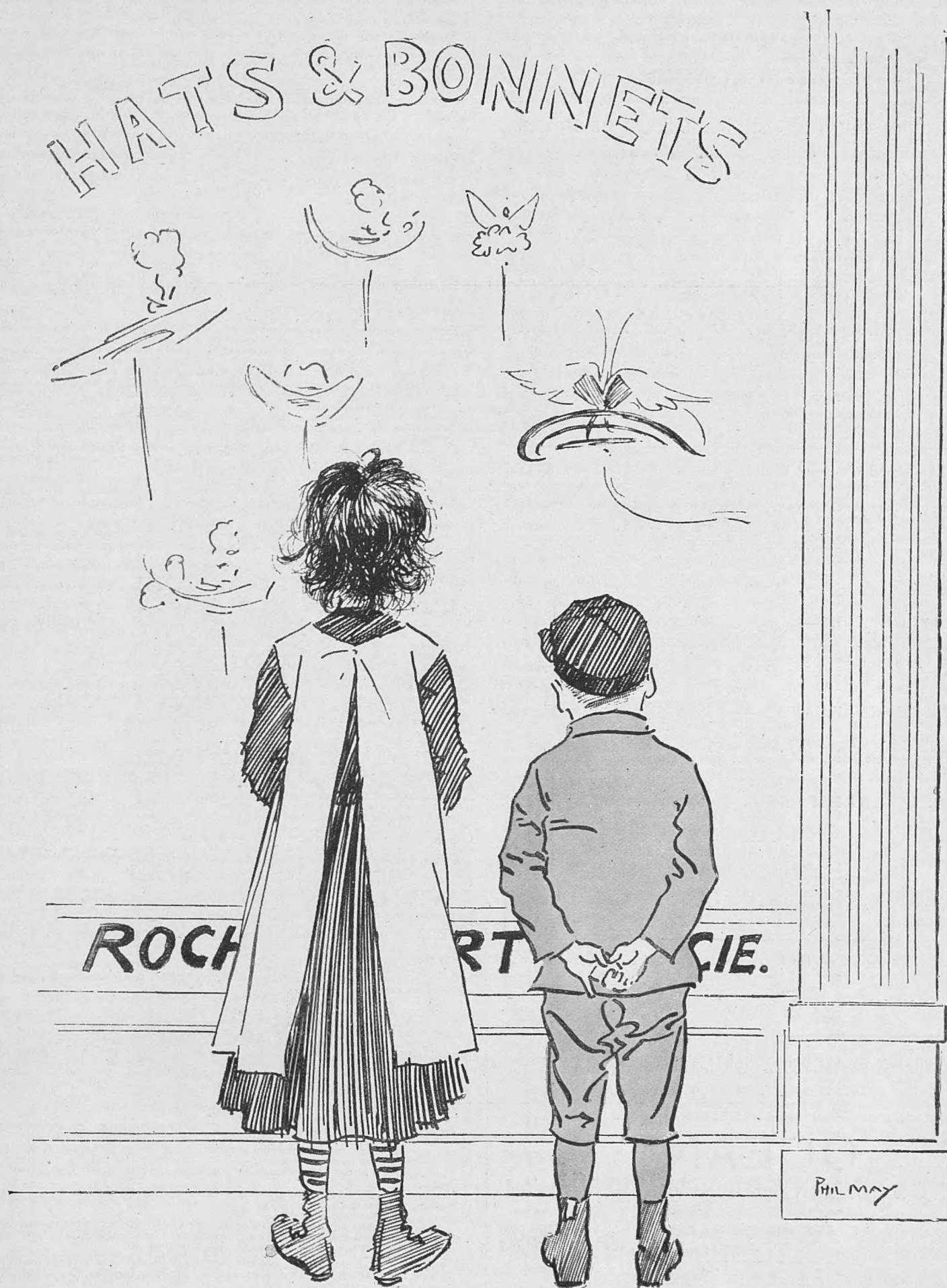
LEPIDUS. Well, your crocodile wouldn't humbug me with his tears, anyway.

ANTONY. Why, he'd just put a dash of Bourbon whisky in them, and then you and he would mingle your sorrows.

That isn't very like the conversation in Shakspeare; but it is as near the mark as the classic talk in Mr. Bangs's house-boat.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



"I don't care for them 'ats, Billy; everybody's a-wearin' of 'em."

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There is no Waiver Clause, and no Promotion-money has or will be paid.
The SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENS THIS DAY (Wednesday), April 15, 1896, and WILL CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, April 17, for Town, and the following Morning for the Country.

THE INCANDESCENT FIRE-MANTEL and STOVE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.—Capital £125,000 in 125,000 shares of £1 each. Present Issue 95,000 shares of £1 each. Payable—5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and 5s. three months after Allotment. 30,000 Shares reserved for Future Issue.

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AUDITORS.—MESSRS. ELLES, SALAMAN, and CO., Chartered Accountants, 3, Bucklersbury, E.C.
SECRETARY.—MR. D. MACPHAIL.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—53, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the Patents of the important Invention known as the Incandescent Fire-Mantel or Frame, invented by Mr. W. A. Hughes, together with the business and connection of the Incandescent Fire-Frame and Stove Company.

In addition to the Letters Patent already granted for the United Kingdom, the Company acquire all the Patentee's rights under the applications which have been made for Patents for the Republic of France, the German Empire, United States of America, Canada, Austria, and Belgium, together with all future improvements thereof, and the right to apply in all other countries.

This Invention consists of an appliance easily fixed in existing ordinary open grates and stoves, and it is also intended to apply the principle of the Invention to new Grates and Stoves, including Roasting and other Cooking Apparatus.

What the Incandescent Gas Light is to an ordinary gas-burner, a fire made with the Incandescent Fire-Mantel is to any ordinary fire, the advantages of the patent Mantel when applied to any ordinary grate being exactly similar to those of the "mantel" fixed on a gas-burner.

Greater luminosity and incandescence are obtained, cheaper consumption, freedom from smoke and dirt, and, in the case of the fire, greatly increased heat—together with durability of the appliance.

While it may be suggested that there are more gas-burners than grates, it must be taken into consideration that only one-half of the householders in this country burn gas, while each and everyone has a grate, to whom an economical, pure, radiating fire is a matter of primary importance over everything else.

The Invention is essentially a smoke-preventing appliance, and its importance in this direction can be estimated when it is considered what an active source of air-pollution is the smoke from private houses.

The Invention practically does away with the necessity of sweeping chimneys, it is an ornament to the fireplace, and a great protection from danger to children, as the burning fuel is securely enclosed, a fire-guard being thus no longer required.

A very important fact is that, for the expenditure of a few shillings entailed in the purchase of a Mantel, every householder has the power to be absolutely independent of the most severe weather, and can keep thoroughly warm the largest drawing, dining, or bed-room, in the coldest weather, and with a heat that is thoroughly healthy.

The appliance was in operation during last Winter, when the weather was unusually severe, and was very favourably reported on by many of the largest Railway Companies and London Gas Companies. It proved to be capable of making a fire which was proof against any severity of weather.

The vendors have been totally unable to cope with the large business indicated, and it is considered that the field for the supply of this invention is almost limitless. It is estimated that there are about Seven Millions of households in the United Kingdom where this appliance may be used with the greatest advantage and economy.

For the purpose of estimating the profits it is only necessary to take comparatively small figures. Dealing with Gas Companies only, it may be mentioned that of the 1572 Companies in the United Kingdom, 72 of the largest of these alone have a registered number of 1,768,016 consumers.

The supply of one Mantel to each of these, at a profit of one shilling per frame, would produce a sum of over £88,000, representing an income of considerably over 60 per cent. on the total capital, whereas it is estimated that the average profit per frame will be more than the sum named, and a large additional revenue is expected to be derived from the sale of open grates, of which the Company will manufacture special patterns for burning coal and coke, roasting and other stoves, to all of which it is intended to fix the appliance. For trade reasons, it is thought undesirable to attempt to make a more exact estimate of profits, but what is stated above may be taken as the minimum.

Dealing with these figures only, which, after payment of all necessary expenses, would leave a large sum available for dividend, there still remains the registered consumers of 1500 additional Gas Companies, and, in fact, every household in the United Kingdom.

The present is considered the most opportune time for the formation of the Company, as it will admit of sufficient time for the Manufacture of the Mantels and Stoves in large quantities, and of executing contracts for the coming season. The orders on hand and the placing of agencies will be dealt with as soon as possible after the formation of the Company.

Applications for Agencies, indicating an immediate and extensive business in the sale of the Fire-Mantel, have been received from various important Gas Companies, Gas-Fitters, and others, both in this country and abroad.

The very large number of gas concerns which are directly interested in the success of the invention as a means of profitably disposing of the coke produced by them may partly be seen by the list enclosed of those from whom orders have already been received, and the Company therefore has reasonable assurance of a very prosperous career.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., at whose chambers the appliance was tested, has expressed a very favourable opinion of the utility and validity of the Patent; and the Company has also received very satisfactory reports on its operation from a Consulting Gas Specialist, and from practical Gas Engineers in different parts of the country, some of which accompany the Prospectus.

The Foreign Patents, for which applications have been made, and which are the property of this Company, may be expected to realise, when sold, a larger sum than the Vendors are asking for the entire property.

The purchase-price fixed by the Vendors is £75,000, and they are prepared to take in full payment the maximum number of Shares permitted by the rules of the Stock Exchange at the option of the Directors.

All the preliminary expenses in connection with the formation of the Company, up to and including first allotment of Shares, will be paid by the Vendors.

The Working Capital, £50,000, will be available as required. The immediate issue provides for £20,000, which is considered sufficient for present purposes.

The following Contracts have been entered into—namely (1) a Contract between Wilson Alfred Hughes, John Frederick Toose Ingram, and William Geary of the first part, and Paul Garmon Orebury, as Trustee, of the other part, dated the 11th day of December, 1895; and (2) a Contract between Paul Garmon Orebury of the one part, and Donald Macphail as Trustee for the Incandescent Fire-Mantel and Stove Company (Limited) of the other part, dated the 29th day of January, 1896.

The Contracts, Memorandum, and Articles of Association, and Expert Opinions can be inspected at the Office of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and sent with the deposit to the Company's Bankers. If the number applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on application will be applied towards the sum due on allotment. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation for the Shares upon the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Office of the Company, and from its Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors. The Invention can be seen in operation at the Offices of the Company. It is also in operation at—

The Royal Arsenal; The London Stock Exchange; The Gas Light and Coke Company's Offices, London; The South Metropolitan Gas Company, London; The Manchester Corporation Gas Works; London and North-Western Railway; Great Eastern Railway, &c.

This Form may be cut out, filled up, and sent entire to the Bankers, the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., or Branches, together with a remittance of 5s. in respect of each Share applied for.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

THE INCANDESCENT FIRE-MANTEL and STOVE COMPANY, LIMITED.

To the Directors of the Incandescent Fire-Mantel and Stove Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers, the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, the sum of £....., being a deposit of 5s. per Share on Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept and pay for the same, or any less number allotted, upon the terms of the Prospectus, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company.

Ordinary Signature
Name and Title (in full)
Address (in full)
Profession or Occupation
Date 1896.

"FAIRY DAWN" AT HOME.

NINE CONVERSATIONAL MINUTES WITH MISS
JESSIE HUDLESTON.

Scene: A pretty Kensington drawing-room decorated in apple-green tints. On its walls are unmistakable portraits of the charming singer whom I had come to interview. A portfolio of American views—scenery, not views on Venezuela—reminds one of Miss Hudleston's recent return from the United States. The music of "Hänsel and Gretel" at the piano tells its tale of earnest study. A young lady, with auburn hair such as would delight Sir Edward Burne-Jones, enters hurriedly.

1st Minute.—"I am so sorry to keep you waiting. We had an unexpected rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, and I've come as fast as a hansom could bring me. Rather trying work it is rehearsing in a great empty theatre, with only the company to listen to you, and the big stage looking so large and gloomy. Still, when the evening comes, and the lights show you a crowded house, all the discomfort of the rehearsals is forgotten. I am so fond of opera! Yes, I sang about two years ago at the Albert Hall."

2nd Minute.—"Tell you how I became a singer? Well, I was born at Bow, and began singing when I was only nine. My sister had a fine voice, but there was no idea of either she or I joining the profession. After my father's death I went to the Guildhall School of Music, where clever Mr. Hermann Klein was my first and only teacher in singing. After being in the school for six months, I won a scholarship, and had one for the rest of the five years during which I was a student. My singing of 'I will extol Thee' won for me the silver medal."

3rd Minute.—"Poor Sir Joseph Barnby, how kind he was to me, as well as to innumerable others! His death, of which I heard in New York, was an awful shock. It is impossible to say how grateful I am to the Guildhall. Being a pupil there, of course I had constant opportunity of conquering stage fright by singing in the City. No, I don't like singing at banquets. Afterwards, I appeared at various concerts round London, but, curiously enough, Newport, Southsea, and Southampton are the only provincial towns in which I have sung."

4th Minute.—"Too bad of you to compare me to the Minstrels who 'never perform out of London'! While I was studying I often went to the opera, which increased my ambition for such work. Melba, Calvé, Albani—no, not Patti, as yet—I heard with delight, and at last came my chance of following—ever so far off, of course—in their footsteps. Opera is wonderfully fascinating, and I can hardly imagine one getting weary of it, though it is early for me to talk. Still, we had nearly six months of it on end in America, and, except for six weeks, I was appearing all through that time, sometimes eight times a-week, in 'Hänsel and Gretel.'"

5th Minute.—"That work is just as popular in the United States as

over here, where, thanks to Sir Augustus Harris, it is being given a new lease of life. I haven't got tired of it yet, despite the number of times I have played in it. Nervous? I should think I was! And the strange thing is that the smaller the part the more nervous I am. Just as you get accustomed to the big stage and the glare, you have to go off if yours is only a tiny part."

6th Minute.—"Our American tour produced no extraordinary experiences, no stolen diamonds, no snowstorm incident—nothing for the benefit of you interviewers. Perhaps my next visit, for I should not wonder if, later on, I go again, will be more exciting. We travelled great distances, saw not much of the cities where we stopped, and liked our audiences. That is the sum-total. The company numbered less

than thirty, the principals including Miss Douste, Miss Marie Elba, and Miss Grace Damian, who is still over there."

7th Minute.—"How did the Press treat me? Oh, very kindly indeed. Here is one of the illustrated papers, with a snapshot photo of Miss Elba and myself leaving the theatre, and here are some portraits taken in New York and Cincinnati. The audiences were always enthusiastic over Humperdinck's opera, and usually included a lot of children. I fancy the theatre is more generally regarded in America as part of one's ordinary recreation than it is at home."

8th Minute.—"We saw a few characteristic sights in the States, including White House, which I much enjoyed. I cannot recollect seeing any very distinguished people, though, I dare say, they were in our audiences. I was glad to get home again, for after long wanderings it is pleasant to see one's own folk in front. Since my return, I have been working hard at new operas—and at a new house. The latter is the more trying occupation! Still, it is a pleasant change from 'a life on the ocean wave' (which does not agree with me), and long rail journeys by night and by day."

9th Minute.—"I wish there was more to tell you. Now, if only I had some ideas on how singing ought to be taught, or some advice to beginners, like you always see in

newspapers—but I haven't. You won't be able to make anything like the conventional interview out of me, for I am only a young singer anxious to progress."

The nine minutes had elapsed, and there was nothing left but for *The Sketch* interviewer to say how delightful it had been, and how cordially he wished success to the bright young lady who is climbing so fast the ladder of fame!

THE STARLING.

Oh, have you heard about the starling?
It really is a perfect darling;
For if you're feeling weak and ill,
It comes and soothes you with its bill;
And if you're feeling ill and weak,
It comes and soothes you with its beak.



MISS JESSIE HUDLESTON.

Photo by Falk, New York.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

When thinking of "The Gay Parisienne" the thought of Miss Ada Reeve keeps coming to mind. She is so delightfully full of life and fun that it is difficult to believe that she can take an interest in pay-day. Few recruits from the halls are so quick as she in catching the tone of the stage, even her singing-voice has grown less brassy. If everything had been as gay as she, I could write with enthusiasm. Yet she did not make such a "hit" as Miss Louie Freear, a fact which proves something concerning the public taste, but I am indisposed to say what. Personally, I have not even been able to find that the remarkable cleverness of Mr. "Little Tich" mastered my prejudice against the use on the stage of physical disadvantages; consequently, my prejudice was not likely to be overcome in the case of the lady nicknamed by the gallery "Miss Tich"; perhaps it is my prejudice that prevented me from discovering in her the cleverness that some have announced.

Mr. Caryl's music throughout is decidedly clever and charming, and noteworthy for excellent instrumentation. His "Cock-a-Doodle-Do" is likely to be crowed all round the town. I wish he would write two more pretty songs, one for Miss Violet Robinson, and one for Mr. Edgar Stevens: their voices are so good and they sing so well that



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it is a lamentable waste of force to stint them. I think I had better say little about the book. Mr. George Dance is a clever man who has not done himself justice, or has formed an exaggerated view of his cleverness, and fancied that he can reach success with any subject.

It seems to me that there is good sense and justice in Mr. Clement Scott's remarks about "The Sin of St. Hulda." It does not seem fair that the only representative of the old faith should be such a vile thing as Otho, the villain who kisses and tells. Possibly Mr. Ogilvie will retort that the characters he has chosen as Protestants are not a very creditable collection; but the answer hardly seems to meet the case. It may be that this does not matter much—and, indeed, it would not be an important ground of complaint if the play were more enthralling; unfortunately, poetic drama always provokes nice criticism, because the slowness of the action leaves the spectator plenty of time—perhaps rather too much—for thought. Personally, I think that if the play had been in prose, if the last act were revised, if, also, the few comic scenes were more closely woven into the work, "The Sin of St. Hulda" would be a very good melodrama.

I fear that to suggest to the dramatist that such a play would be far better in prose than in verse, is to make an unpalatable suggestion; yet it must be borne in mind that the choice of a medium is a very important matter, upon which advice may very well be offered.

The truth is that, unless the verse is a long way above mediocrity, it is certain to injure any play. The necessary slowness of movement and the risk of having ears offended by ill delivery are very heavy impediments. I do not pretend to pass serious judgment upon the verse

without seeing the book; but, so far as the players allow one to form a judgment, Mr. Ogilvie's poetry is not above mediocrity—certainly, too, not below; therefore it is that I venture to assert that the medium chosen is fatal to the piece.

It is a great pity, for Mr. Ogilvie has invented a good plot, and I do not think that the suggestion of debt to Hawthorne and others is necessarily well founded. The saint with a past is a very human person, and decidedly interesting: she does not strike one as being exactly mediæval—indeed, she dwells so much more upon matters of faith than upon question of works that there seems something in the nature of an anachronism. Some of the scenes in her career are very striking and dramatic. It is to be regretted that, in order to give a transparency effect, which reminded one somewhat of the Christmas pantomime, the author should have compelled Miss Rorke to die in a most ineffective fashion. It is so important not to disturb the audience by the introduction of such jugglery as the use of a double that one is startled to find such a matter in a play of serious pretension. The mounting of the play in some respects is very good, and some of the stage pictures were very charming. On the other hand, it may be observed that a great deal passes too close to the wings at the back; the half-dozen people at the end of the stalls on the O.P. side could not see the principal characters during the *splendide mendax* scene, nor from the other side of the theatre was I able to see what happened towards the close of the somewhat comical combat between Heinrich and Otho. The Shaftesbury is not the only theatre where this week I have heard complaint of important scenes passing out of the view of some of the audience, and of those, too, paying the highest prices.

Mr. Ogilvie certainly suffered from having his verse ill-spoken, and few of the company seemed to draw any distinction between the delivery of prose and verse. Mr. Lewis Waller was decidedly the best; his performance of Heinrich was a powerful, dignified piece of work, of great merit. Miss Annie Webster played charmingly as the buxom hostess of the Golden Goose, while Mr. Henry Kemble dealt very cleverly with the heavy humours of his part. After nearly a year's pause, I was delighted to see Miss Kate Rorke; yet I am bound to say, despite the power of her acting, she seemed too modern and unmystical for the heroine in the play, which, if not, perhaps, wholly successful, contains a great deal that deserves serious consideration.

The "boos" that rose when the curtain fell on "Biarritz" startled many people. Rarely is such a storm with so little warning. There had been a few hisses when Miss Millie Hylton sang, tamely, a song apparently written in imitation of "The Rowdy-dowdy Boys." The plaintive question from the gallery, "Where's Arthur Roberts?" suggested that the piece hung fire, and one or two of the hardly invited encores had provoked sounds of disapprobation. Yet I had not expected the burst of jeers and howls. I wish I could think it would be the death-knell of musical farce, the disappointing form of entertainment that has been horribly overdone. Disappointing, for one hoped that "Morocco Bound" would have given birth to a form of music and farce or farcical comedy in which there would be some dramatic significance.

As it is, what can one say of "Biarritz" as "farce," speaking as a question of drama? Will a less word than "contemptible" serve? A subject was chosen that should have led to something funny; we might have had an entertaining intrigue founded on the position of Mr. Arthur Roberts as an amateur hotel-keeper. Instead, after laying the foundation for a plot, the authors merely produced a hodge-podge of song and dance, and hardly comprehensible burlesque of melodrama with an undeveloped streak of uninteresting story. Probably it will be all right soon. Mr. "Adrian Ross," though not at his best—when, I think, he is really brilliant—has written some clever lyrics: I wish he had not stooped to write "The Farmer's Daughter"; Dr. Carr's music is lively, and sometimes full of swing; and Mr. Arthur Roberts, who has not lost his cunning, can be kept on the stage twice as much as at present, and then the public will once more show what a prodigious "draw" he is.

The company has been unhappily chosen. Some clever work is done in minor parts, notably by Mr. Eric Thorne, Mr. Harold Eden, and Mr. Walter Marnock, a new-comer. Miss Pierrette Amella will be pleasing when less energetic; Miss Sadie Jerome, though, presumably from nervousness, she sang out of time, and gesticulated wildly, has some charm. The rest are disappointing, except, of course, the inimitable Arthur, whose "spoon" French was very funny, who sang too and acted with all his strange, striking ability. Unlike Miss Ada Reeve, who has dropped, to a great extent, the "slough" of the halls, Miss Kitty Loftus is more of the variety artist than she was, and her energy does not atone for want of charm in movement and the brassy sound of an ill-used voice. She used to be "gentiment canaille," and now the "gentiment" has become inaccurate. In the work of Mr. "Adrian Ross" and Dr. Carr, and in the original scheme of the piece, plenty can be found of materials for entertainment. Indeed, as it is, when played a little quicker, the work will be as amusing as most of its class, despite the general weakness of the company. How one longed throughout the evening to hear a few bars of pretty music, such as Dr. Carr can write, sung by someone with a good voice and able to use it!

I think the present is the best season of grand opera in English that Sir Augustus Harris has yet given at Drury Lane. The "Cavalleria" plus "Pagliacci" programme is admirable, especially Mr. Wilson Sheffield as Alfio, and Mr. Hedmond as Turiddu, in the former, and Middle Joran as Nedda, and M. Brozel as the husband, in the latter. Madame Fanny Moody was delightful in "The Bohemian Girl." The orchestra is all that could be desired. Sir Augustus Harris deserves warm praise for producing opera in English on such a scale.



MADAME FANNY MOODY, NOW APPEARING IN OPERA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

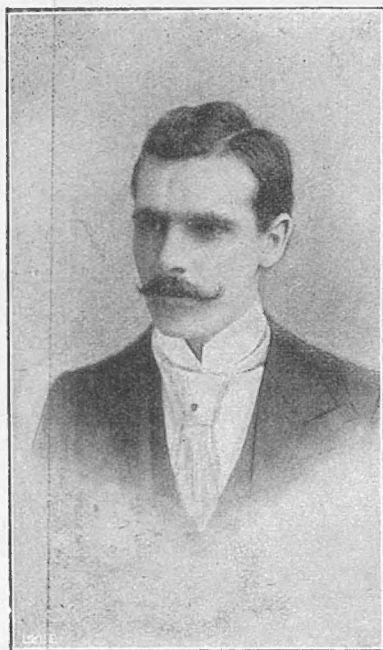
SMALL TALK.

The Queen has had a number of drives round Cimiez, and quite a host of callers. The Duke and Duchess of York's visit to Brighton was somewhat spoiled by the accident of the falling of the triumphal arch. Otherwise everything passed off well. The Duke and Duchess of Teck saw "Mrs. Ponderbury" on Wednesday, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife went to "The Sin of St. Hulda" on Thursday.

My gifted contributor, Mr. L. F. Austin, has been appointed assistant editor of Sir George Newnes' new paper, the *Daily Courier*, of which Mr. Earl Hodgson is to be the editor.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's new halfpenny morning paper, the *Daily Mail*, is to appear on May 4. Mr. Harmsworth says that London has up to the present been provided with fewer morning journals than, size for size, any of the great English-speaking cities of the world.

Perhaps the most romantic adventure in connection with Jameson's raid was that of Maynard Rowland, who, in company with a Dutchman named Cellier, a champion cyclist, carried out the last despatch from Johannesburg, concealed in the stem of his machine. Stopped by the



MR. ARTHUR MAYNARD ROWLAND.

Photo by E. Scannell, Crouch Hill, N.

Boers, who by this time were gathering in force, he, in order to achieve his purpose, fell in with their suggestion that they should carry a message to their Commandant at the front. This also served to procure permission to ride on still further, and, taking advantage of this, the two cyclists dashed on to "Dr. Jim." Having delivered to him the Johannesburg despatch, Rowland also told him of the message he had conveyed to the Boer officer—an audacious act, for which he had to pay dear. Being arrested on their return, Cellier turned traitor, with the result that he got off scathless, leaving his companion to the vengeance of the Boers, who condemned him to be shot. For six days Rowland lay in Krügersdorp Jail, expecting death, which he had already narrowly escaped, for a bullet had passed through his coat. But on this occasion, at least, an Englishman proved a match for the Boers. When out with his jailer for a ten-minutes' airing, a brawl in the street drew a crowd and diverted the officer's attention. Seizing the opportunity, Rowland wrenched himself free, and in a moment was lost to sight in the crowd. Then, to his delight, he saw under a tree what proved to be his own machine. Mounting it, he rode for his life to Johannesburg, where he lay hid for two nights. Then, finding the police were on his track, he stole out in disguise on his bicycle before the sun was up, and, evading detectives by his vigilance, and disarming the suspicions of Boer troopers by his coolness and address, he finally escaped from the perils which had threatened him for sixteen days and nights. Maynard Rowland is a young engineer in Johannesburg, and a son of a well-known Congregational minister in the North of London.

Till the other day I must confess I was quite unaware what a number of Chartered Companies have had existence in England since the spacious times of great Elizabeth. I don't believe that I know the exact number even now, but there have certainly been more than are dreamed of by the average reader. I hear from a friend that in the course of a week or two an interesting history of these companies, compiled by Mr. Lionel Hart, will be given to the world. The book is to be published at a price small enough to put it within reach of the most moderate purse, and, in the present circumstances of the Chartered Company, it should command a more than usual amount of attention.

The French Minister at Pekin has asserted his national dignity by withdrawing from the European club in that city because an Englishman, an American, and a German were elected members of the executive committee. He has taken the Russian Minister with him, and, to crown all, he has forbidden the French *blanchisseuses* of Pekin to take in the English and German washing! This is the most impressive demonstration of the Russo-French hostility to England and Germany.

There is to be a wedding at Ramsgate on the last day of this month. The bridegroom is Mr. Tinsley Lindley, and the bride is Miss Constance Agnes Burnand, second daughter of the editor of *Punch*. Mr. Burnand, in addition to his house in The Boltons, South Kensington, has a Ramsgate home, where some of his children are nearly always in residence, and where he himself is a constant visitor. Close at hand is the famous Benedictine College built by Pugin, several members of whose family occupy the adjacent Grange, with its labyrinth of passages and caves leading down through chalk cliffs to the sea.

The engagement of Princess Marie of Greece to a Russian Grand Duke disposes of the prettiest marriageable Princess in Europe, for this latter-day Fair Maid of Athens inherited exceptional beauty from both her father and her mother. The Queen of Greece, who can still claim to be the finest-looking woman in her husband's dominions, has since the death of her eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Paul, given up much of her time to good works. Under her direct supervision a hospital and home, reserved exclusively to the use of foreigners, has been established in Athens, and the three royal ladies go round the wards at least once a week, the Duchess of Sparta taking charge of the German and English patients, while the Queen and her daughter attend to those inmates who hail from France and Italy. A great number of sailors find their way to Greece, and the hospital has proved a veritable godsend to many a poor fellow stranded far from home. The bride-elect is a great favourite with her aunt the Princess of Wales, and it is not unlikely that she will accompany her father to Princess Maud's wedding.

It is thought probable that the Duke of Aosta may be put in command of the next Abyssinian Expedition, if the Italian war party gain the day. The Duke is heir-presumptive to the King of Italy, and seems more eager than is his cousin, the Prince of Naples, to curry favour with the Italian populace. His beautiful wife seems in a fair way to become as popular as is Queen Marguerita, and, owing to her example, riding, driving, and other forms of outdoor amusement are gaining ground among the Florentine and Roman dames, who see in their Duchess the incarnation of English smartness and French *chic*.

Wonders will never cease! Alphonse Daudet, whose stinging satire, "One of the Forty," put all literary Paris in an uproar, will not improbably be Dumas' successor in the French Academy. If this comes to pass, the author of "Tartarin" will be elected *malgré lui*, that is, in spite of his having fulfilled none of the many formalities to which Zola has become so painfully accustomed. Since the Academy has opened its doors to Loti, Bourget, Lemaître, and others of *les jeunes*, M. Daudet no longer feels the resentment he once did, and most of his friends are eager to see him arrayed in the green coat which graces those who officially represent literature in France.

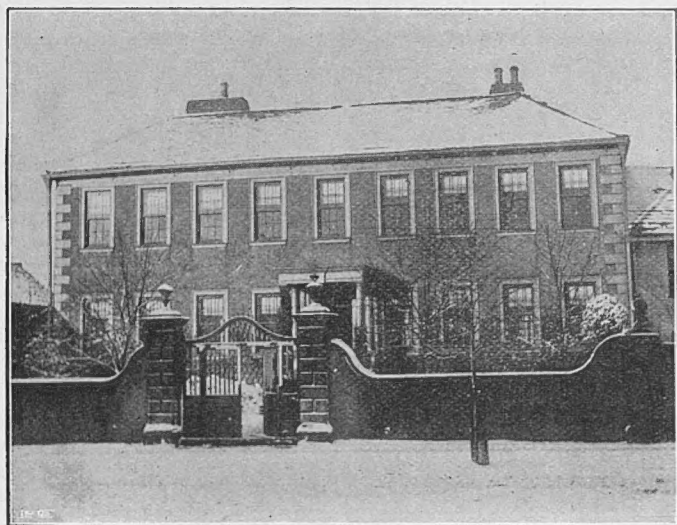
All Paris has gone wild over a certain Mademoiselle, who claims close communion with—of all people in or out of the world—the Angel Gabriel. The modern Joan of Arc has been interviewed by hundreds of people, including a considerable number of clergy. I hear she is a quiet, modest-looking girl, painfully sensitive to all the gossip occasioned by her curious soothsaying faculty. Her parents, ordinary *bourgeois* belonging to the lower middle-class, refuse to accept any remuneration from their daughter's numerous visitors. The Angel Gabriel prophesies the worst possible future both to France and England. I recommend the lady to the kind consideration of Mr. Stead. She would make an excellent character-sketch for the next number of *Borderland*.

Mr. W. M. Thompson and Dr. G. D. Johnson have compiled a useful little handbook of the "Law of Sports," which is sold at twopence. It treats of the Game Laws, and the enactments relating to gambling, horses and racing, fishing, hunting and dogs. The discrepancy between the law against betting and the practice on the racecourse is brought out with laconic grimness. You must not bet on "a piece of ground at the back of a hoarding," for it is a "place" within the meaning of the Gaming Act of 1853; but you may stand on a box on Epsom Downs and bawl the odds with impunity, though that is a "place" too. The vexed question about liability for dog-bites is also elucidated with subtle humour. If you own a dog, and it bites a stranger, you are not liable unless it can be shown that you knew the dog to be fierce and treacherous; but, if he bites sheep or cattle, including horses, you have to pay damages in any case. Thus, in the eyes of the law, injury by dog-bite to a sheep is a more serious matter than the same injury to a human being, who may die of hydrophobia.

It does not fall to every man to get such an excellent theatre and such a strong cast for a matinée send-off of a new play as Mr. W. R. Walkes has secured for his four-act comedy, "A Woman of Business," which will be staged at the St. James's to-morrow. Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Olga Brandon, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Frank Fenton (who was so excellent in "The Squire of Dames"), and Mr. Sydney Brough will appear in it. And great interest will attach to Miss Mary Jerrold, who makes her professional début in the piece. The lady is a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold and a granddaughter of Henry Mayhew. Mr. Walkes is by no means a stage novice. His duologues have long been popular—for instance, "A Pair of Lunatics," "Gentleman Jim," and "Villain and Victim." He is one of the most inveterate first-nighters in town.

I heard a funny story the other day of that shouting fiend the "Speshul Edishun" newspaper-boy. A friend of mine declares that a few weeks ago, when the Nansen North Pole business was sprung upon us, he met one of these terrible youths, in a London thoroughfare, shouting with leathern lungs, "Evenin' paiper, speshul 'dishun, 'orrible discovery at the North Pole!" If this is not a Ben Trovato, my friend was, I think, in luck. There is not much humour usually to be discerned in the hateful yells to which Londoners are compelled to submit in their daily journeyings through Metropolitan highways.

It is a hundred and twenty-six years ago since Wordsworth was born. That day (April 7) has just been celebrated by the opening, in the public park at Cockermouth, his birthplace, of a fountain to commemorate the childhood of the poet and his sister Dorothy. The monument is made of Spanish granite, surmounted by the figure of a child, and it has been placed in a position commanding a view of the house in which the poet was born. Canon Rawnsley, the prime mover in securing the memento, performed the unveiling ceremony, and he said the name of



THE HOUSE WHERE WORDSWORTH WAS BORN.

Photo by the Rev. Hilderic Friend.

the poet was a household word, and would not be less so a century hence. The figure of a child offering water was the right emblem of the devoted Dorothy presenting the cup of enjoyment to her beloved brother. Sir Wilfrid Lawson presided at a public meeting in the Town Hall, when Canon Rawnsley read letters from distinguished men. The American Ambassador said the influence of Wordsworth was steadily growing in his country. Mr. Gladstone wrote that he rejoiced in any and every manifestation of honour to the poet.

At the Crystal Palace arrangements for the Burmese Village Exhibition, which opens on May 4, proceed apace. The natives, who come from Upper and Lower Burmah, have brought with them their materials for building houses, and intend to make themselves at home, practise their native industries, and ultimately retire to the land of their birth wiser and richer. The Burmese are capital workers, and their work is delicate and decorative. At the Palace will be seen embroiderers in gold and workers in silver, ivory-carvers, fan-painters and cigar-makers, tattooers, and other strange but well-meaning people. The lighter side of their home-life will also be seen. They will present a Burmese play, and give the visitors a sample of their home-grown music. There will be exhibitions of dancing and juggling, at which the Burmese are experts. But the great "star" of the company is a Buddhist nun, the first one ever exported. It is expected that a good deal of interest will be taken in this lady. The directors of the Crystal Palace and their capable manager, Mr. Henry Gillman, are evidently fully alive to the necessity of moving with the times. With the Motor-Carriage Exhibition, the Burmese Village, and the ordinary summer attractions, they are making a bold bid for popular favour, and are already beginning to reap the reward of their energy.

The *Weekly Dispatch*, the oldest Sunday paper, is making a fresh bid for fortune. It has been remodelled, enlarged, and revived by the introduction of pictures. The new editor, under whose vigorous

management the great changes have been made, is Mr. Charles J. Tibbits, who was for some time engaged in connection with the Harmsworth periodicals. Educated at Oxford University, Mr. Tibbits came to London after a successful career upon various leading provincial papers, and here soon began to make his mark.

The other afternoon business took me into the neighbourhood of that still rustic suburb Dulwich, and, the day being like that of an ideal May, I thought, my affairs being concluded, I could hardly do better than stroll to Brockwell Park, and see the addition to it which has recently been made. The park is a valuable extension of the "lungs of London," with its seventy-odd (I believe) acres dotted with fine old trees. Very little is changed on this estate since it was the property of the Blackburn family. Even the old mansion (that is, the outside of it) looks, at a little distance, much as I remember it years ago. A nearer approach reveals the fact that much of it, including the fine conservatory, is given up to refreshments of a mild type. One of the most charming features of Brockwell Park is an old walled garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, its pot-herbs, climbing-roses, and the like, just as I should imagine they looked when the century was young. With regard to the new addition—a long strip of ground, which makes an entrance for the Brixton folks at the Brixton end of Lower Tulse Hill—I must say that the authorities have admirably utilised the land at their disposal; and when the grass and shrubs and creepers are a little more grown, and the running brook, with its cascades, does not look quite so undeniably artificial, it will be an extremely pretty and desirable adjunct. I should think the dwellers in Lower Tulse Hill must be delighted at the improvement, which has saved their charming old-fashioned gardens from the jerry-builder as an immediate neighbour.

Mr. William Watson has been staying in town for some weeks on a visit to his friend and publisher ("Oh hard and rarest union that could be!"), Mr. John Lane, in the Albany.

Not so many months ago the curtain was rung down on Claridge's, that historic and aristocratic hostelry whose hospitable walls had sheltered a succession of royalties and celebrities. Claridge's Hotel ceased to exist, and the interesting contents associated with so many well-known personalities were disposed of by auction. I understand that a new lease has been granted to a syndicate by the Duke of Westminster, and that a glorified Claridge's will arise in Brook Street. The new hotel will be considerably larger than its predecessor, and is likely to be finished in the spring of 1897. In the matter of luxurious ease and magnificent decoration, I am told that this will be a record undertaking in hostelries. The style, it is said, will be that of the French Renaissance, and the trifling sum of £70,000 is likely to be spent on furnishing and decoration, exclusive of purely structural cost. Whether royalties will once again be tempted to patronise Claridge's redivivus, who can say? but the millionaire from all parts of the world, who is becoming quite a "common object of the country," should find in it a temporary abiding-place entirely suited to his taste, and pocket.



THE BURMESE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Mr. Henry Tate is about to paint the portrait of Miss Kitson, the popular daughter of Sir James Kitson, and the feminine head of his household. Even had the painting been completed in time, it would hardly have been exhibited this year, while the facts of a recent libel suit are still fresh in the public memory.

Mrs. Langtry's stolen jewels will divide with "Dr. Jim" the newspaper honours of the Law Courts next term. The point in dispute is really the technical one of the bank's liability, which depends on the jury's finding that the bank did, or did not, receive a valuable consideration for the custody of the jewels in the shape of Mrs. Langtry's account and custom. Before this can be decided the jury will, no doubt, have to hear what Mrs. Langtry's balance at the bank averaged, and nothing is so interesting to the public as the pecuniary affairs of its heroes, and particularly of its heroines.

Of jewel robberies from actresses England supplies many modern instances—Miss Florence St. John still sighs over one such. France, too, has had her full share, ever since the days when Mdlle. Mars used to draw all the bigger crowds by the announcement in the papers that she "would wear all her diamonds." One night, when she was dining out, and left them at home, they were stolen. The actress had a pretty maid, who, unknown to her mistress, was married. To her husband the girl handed the jewels out of the window, and he took himself and them to Geneva. Some of the gold settings betrayed him, and he and his wife were sentenced to the pillory and ten years' hard labour after a trial in which the guilt of the prisoners did not forfeit for them the sympathy of the women of France. "They have as much right to the jewels as she has," exclaimed indignant Virtue, perhaps in paste.

Two of the leading members of the Bolitho family—the only family that has got enormous wealth out of Cornwall—have been painted by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., for exhibition at the Academy.

Neither Royal Academicians and Associates nor the lesser known lights of the world of Art can have been very well pleased with the arrangements of the Clerk of the Weather for their respective Show Sundays. The last Sunday in March was bad, the first one in April worse; consequently carriages and cabs were closed and pedestrians came into studios damp if not dripping. Seeing that every artist invites many more people than his studio can hold, and that dozens come without invitation, the crush on a wet day is just about as unpleasant as it can be. Very few people see anything of the pictures exhibited, but no one refrains from unmeaning praise on that account. How those miserable adjectives, "nice," "charming," "delightful," "pretty," "wonderful," and "splendid" must dread Show Sundays! Sunday at this time of year brings them no rest. If they were museums they could not be more open to the public. The only people whose pictures were seen to advantage this year are the painters who invited their friends on March 22, a week before the appointed time, and a fortnight before sending in. They had a really glorious day, one that had probably escaped from a June or July. Not only were they enabled to show their work to advantage, but were also free to attend the studios of their friends on the following Sundays. Despite many absurdities and incongruities, Show Sunday makes a determined struggle for existence.

Early in the present month an inquest was held one night at Pimlico, and fourteen jurymen sat upon the body of one Robinson. To quiet the feelings of the S.P.C.A. and similar institutions, it is advisable to say that the Robinson was deceased before the good men and true sat thereon. The noteworthy event in connection with this particular entertainment is that, when the coroner's officer read the jury list, a dozen out of fourteen answered to the classic name of "Smith," and of the other two, one was "Jones" and the other "Brown." If this condition of things is allowed to spread, who can foretell the result? Westminster will be the scene of more misunderstandings and mistaken identities than would go to the making of a dozen farcical comedies. Good, bad, and indifferent Smiths will become mingled in inextricable confusion, and for transgressors against the law the *alibis* dear to the heart of Mr. Tony Weller will flourish abundantly. Consider, for a moment, the feelings of a postman commissioned to deliver a letter to Mr. Smith, Westminster. The condition of the district calls for the prompt intervention of the authorities. I don't like harsh measures, and I think the case would be adequately met by an official order that all save the oldest inhabitant should change their names within forty-eight hours on pain of death, and that the district be rechristened Smithfield in commemoration of the event.

Some of the curious letters published in the Report of the Prison Commissioners ought to supply plenty of material for the compilers of slang dictionaries, and a careful and conscientious study of them would probably bring to light many rare words and novel expressions. Here is a very perfect specimen in the "Pickpocket" dialect, which the writer evidently knew very thoroughly, for he never once has occasion to descend into the more commonplace Queen's English—

I was jogging down a blooming slam in the Chapel, when I butted a reeler who was sporting a red slang. I broke off his jerry and boned the clock, which was a red one, but I was spotted by a copper, who claimed me. I was lugged before the beak, who gave me six doss in the steel. The week after I was chucked up I did a snatch near St. Paul's, was collared, lagged, and got this bit of seven stretch.

The P. and O. Company have recently entered into contracts for four mail-steamers of the highest class, similar in type to but larger than

the *Caledonia*, *Australia*, and *Himalaya*, now running in the Eastern services, which will accommodate about five hundred first and second saloon passengers. These vessels are each 500 ft. in length, with proportionate beam and power, measuring about 8000 tons register, with machinery to indicate 11,000 horse-power. They are being built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff and Messrs. Caird and Co., and the first two ships, which have been named the *India* (which was launched yesterday) and *China*, will be ready for service during the coming autumn. The remaining two vessels will be delivered in time to commence work previous to the termination of the present mail contracts, which expire in January 1898.

Of the country barber and his uncouth ways I have, in these columns, expressed myself freely. Yet whenever I go into the country I find fresh grounds for amazement and paragraphs. I have just returned from a wonderful spot in the heart of Kent, a place as yet unknown to cyclist and advertisement contractor. That it may retain its charm, I suppress the name. I spent a couple of days in an old inn, with low ceilings, huge fireplaces, and any number of oak panels, and on the second day I was compelled to sally forth in the direction of the tiny shop where the barber wages war against rustic beards. There were two frightful country bumpkins enjoying a scrape, one in anticipation, the other in realisation; and I noticed with some approach to alarm that a small hand-basin held all the water visible, that it had evidently been in use all the morning, and had a long term of service before it. When my time came, and the yokels had gone, I protested with the man on habits which I ventured to call "barberous." He never smiled, but procured some fresh water. I then asked for a clean towel, but he protested, on the ground that it was only Thursday. However, a promise to pay for the luxury procured it, and he then mistook the object of my visit, and started to flay rather than shave me. Finally I escaped, and retired to the hostelry to indite a letter to the *Times* on the subject of "Primitive Barberism."

The Irving Amateur Dramatic Club are to give two performances of "Cymbeline" at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, and Thursday, April 23. And Sir Henry Irving's grand production on his return to the Lyceum is to be "Cymbeline." With the exception of a matinée (I think at the Gaiety) some years ago, when Mr. Willard played Iachimo and Miss Wallis Imogen, with but little *éclat*, I recall no production of "Cymbeline" since 1872, when I remember seeing Mrs. Labouchere (Henrietta Hodson) as Shakspeare's perhaps most charming heroine at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre. That lady was certainly a by no means ideal Imogen, and is associated in my mind with more modern and more lively characters at the same theatre. Imogen was one of Lady Martin's (Helen Faucit) favourite rôles, and, though but a boy at the time, I can recall with pleasure her most delightful assumption of the part more than thirty years ago. I believe it was in the late autumn of 1864.

Miss Olga Nethersole's triumph in America continues. At Hooley's Theatre, in Chicago, on the occasion of her last performance in "Camille," she was presented, by a deputation on behalf of the women of Chicago, with a silver laurel wreath and an address, setting out the esteem and affection entertained for her by the women of America.

The announcement of the death of Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden-Dering, in Kent, at a very advanced age, reminds me that, according to the "Dramatic Peerage"—which in this instance is corroborated by Burke—that popular actress, Mrs. Bernard Beere, would now, had her first husband lived, be Lady Dering, and the wife of the representative of one of the oldest families in England. Mrs. Beere was the second wife of the late Mr. Edward Cholmeley Dering (the eldest son of the just deceased baronet), who died in 1874. The Derings are one of the few families now existing in England who are of undoubtedly Saxon origin, an origin confirmed not only by tradition but by authentic family documents. A Diering (as the name was then spelt, it is Saxon for "terror") appears as witness to a grant of King Etheluff, dated as long since as 880. The baronetcy dates back to 1626, and the first holder, Sir Edward Dering, who was Lieutenant of Dover Castle, distinguished himself by presenting a Bill from the Gallery of the House of Commons "for the extirpation of bishops, deans, and chapters." It is said that his object was not so much the effacement of these dignitaries as to air his learning by prefacing his motion with an apt quotation from Ovid—

Cuncta prius tentanda: sed irremedicabile vulnus
Ense recidendum est, ne pars sincera trahatur.

Bishops, deans, and chapters seem to have survived both Ovid and Sir Edward.

St. Mary Magdalene's, at Paddington, has just received what is probably the largest sum ever dropped into a plate or bag at a church offertory. Bank-notes are not a very unusual offering, and not many weeks ago one for a hundred pounds was wrapped round a half-crown and deposited in the bag at Canon Duckworth's church, St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace. The anonymous donation at St. Mary Magdalene's took the form of a cheque. This, perhaps, sounds Irish, but as the document was signed by a firm of solicitors on behalf of a client, the statement is not quite so Hibernian as at first blush would appear. I understand that it was for the magnificent amount of £2400 and some odd pounds, and wipes off the whole of the debt of the fortunate church in question.

It not infrequently happens that, when an English player goes to Australia to fulfil a few months' engagement, he is prevailed upon by the geniality of the climate, the cordiality of Colonial hospitality, and very attractive monetary considerations to prolong his stay. Australians, when they take a fancy to English players, are prone to try all sorts of designs to retain them in their midst, and the result is that many of the



MR. TAPLEY.
Photo by Falk, Sydney.

most reputable citizens "down under" are theatrical people who originally went out for "six months only." Mr. Joseph Tapley, whom Londoners will remember as a very pleasing comic opera tenor, is a case in point. Mr. Tapley went out under engagement to Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove in April 1893, with the intention of staying with their comic opera company for a year at most. He has just returned from the Colonies after a three years' sojourn there, having during that time married and buried a charming wife in the person of Miss Violet Varley, whose portrait was given in *The Sketch* some months ago, at the time when the Australian stage was robbed of her valuable services. So the probability is that, but for this unfortunate event, Mr. Tapley would now be one of Australia's worthy

citizens. However, he has come back to assume his old position in the world of comic opera. To those who know little of this capable tenor a few particulars may be interesting. Mr. Tapley made his first appearance with Messrs. Hare and Kendal in a performance of "As You Like It," at the St. James's Theatre, London, in 1887, playing the part of Amiens and singing the two songs. From there he went to the Comedy, and made his debut in comic opera, the piece being "Mynheer Jan." Two years at the Avenue followed, "Madame Favart" (in which, by the way, Arthur Roberts made his first and only appearance as Charles Favart), "The Old Guard," "Nadgy," and other operas being played. Transferred to the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Tapley continued his London career by creating the part of Wilfred in "Marjorie." He appeared at the opening of the Trafalgar Square Theatre in "The Wedding Eve," and then went to Australia. Mr. Tapley was also the tenor of perhaps the finest comic opera company that ever toured the English provinces—"The Old Guard"

Company, with such "stars" as Arthur Roberts, Alec Marsh, Henry Ashley, Phyllis Broughton, and Marian McKenzie in the cast. During his stay in Australia Mr. Tapley played in no fewer than fifteen operas, many of the parts being created by him, and frequently it has fallen to his lot to play five distinct parts in the course of a week. He intends spending a little time in Paris, and will then probably accept an engagement under Mr. George Edwardes in New York. Mr. Tapley's sister, one of Ernest Pauer's favourite pupils, has taken up her residence in Melbourne as a teacher of music.

There is no end to Mr. Dennis McCarthy's versatility. That he had rollicking fun in him was proved by "Cousin Charlie" and "That's Bill," sly humour by the Sandwich Man and his Duke in "The Bar," dash and go in "Jameson's Ride," pathos by "The Unbeliever." But his Napoleon, at the Tivoli, is probably the best serious thing he has attempted. The success of this historical monologue in three scenes, during the eight weeks before Easter, has led to its continuance. The success is justly deserved. Mr. McCarthy is Buonaparte to the life in



MR. DENNIS MCCARTHY AS NAPOLEON.
Photo by T. C. Turner and Co., Barnsbury Park, N.

the three striking pictures—"The Quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*," "At St. Helena," and "Exiled." The first is an admirable reproduction of the famous picture; and all through the monologue Mr. McCarthy vividly realises the Conqueror's moment of humiliation. Whether "Nap" would ever have admitted to himself (as Mr. C. W. Calvert, the librettist, makes him do) that "they (that is, the British) were the fighting nation" is, perhaps, an open question; but, of course, a British audience has no doubts on such a point. The scenery is by W. T. Helmsley and the music by Denham Harrison, who, in the final tableau, where Napoleon looks moodily out over the sea, does rather a good thing. Seizing the opening phrase of the "Marseillaise" as *leit-motif*, the composer develops it into a striking description of the caged warrior's emotions in a manner quite Wagnerian. Mr. McCarthy studied his Napoleon from pictures as nearly contemporary as he could find.

A wonderful place is the Royal Victoria Hall, over Waterloo Bridge. It was there, as you know, that the famous old Coburg Theatre stood. Well, I looked in on Thursday evening to see the costume recital of "Cavalleria Rusticana." A short ballad programme, of surprising excellence, came first, the chief items of which were that very jolly duet, "The Golden Goose" (by Mr. Ernest Newton), sung by Miss Nona Colville and Mr. Wilfrid Cunliffe; "Young Herchard," from Messrs. Broadwood and Fuller-Maitland's collection of "English County Songs," sung by Mr. Cunliffe; and "Lucy Long," as a bassoon-solo, by Mr. Wallis, a most humorous effort. In "Cavalleria Rusticana" one had a performance not many points behind that of the Carl Rosa Company. Madame Adelaide Mullen was the Santuzza, and acted and sang with a fervour and earnestness that carried conviction, in spite of occasional exaggeration. Miss Nona Colville, who has an agreeable and flexible light soprano voice, sang Lola's music very charmingly. The Lucia was Miss Mary Glover (is this lady any relation of the popular *chef d'orchestre* who conducted Mascagni's opera at the Lane last week? She is remarkably like him); and Turiddu and Alfio were taken by Messrs. Beaumont and Cunliffe. May I never see worse performances of "Cavalleria!"



MISS FREEAR.
Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

Miss Louie Freear, who figures as Slavey Ruth, in "The Gay Parisienne," has been described as "a female Little Tich, with a dash of Dan Leno." She has now been in the profession for some fifteen years, and during that time has had experience in all sorts and kinds of business, her latest success having been in the rôle of Chee-Kee in the Nottingham pantomime of "Aladdin," and she may now be said to hold a position in the front rank on the burlesque and light opera stages. Doubtless she owed much of her versatility to her parentage, for, despite the fact that she was born in London, both her parents were Irish. Her début was made while she was still very young, at Portsmouth, as Little Miss Muffett, and she was seen as Alice in "Dick Whittington," and also twice at the old Sanger's Theatre, before she began her operatic work, in which she made a start as Tremtz, in "Madame Angot," in 1883. A little later she appeared with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, at St. James's Hall, being distinguished as the first lady vocalist to shine as a male impersonator with that company, after which she joined the Roby Minstrels, and with them spent six years in South Africa, with the exception of a short time with her brother's "Freear Surprise Party."

She has toured in "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and appeared with immense success in an entertainment especially written for her by B. S. Roby, called "The Elopement," playing all through the provinces and at all the leading London music-halls. Then she joined Mr. Ben Greet's company, and made a "hit" as Mopsa in the "Winter's Tale," at the Memorial performance at Stratford-on-Avon last year, and, with the same company, she also scored as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—indeed, such was her success that she was engaged by Mr. William Greet for two years, her manager commissioning Mr. George Dance to write "Buttercup and Daisy," with a special part for her. After the present piece shall have run its course, Miss Freear is engaged to create a part in a new play by G. R. Sims, and is due at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, for the next Christmas festivities. This "tricky sprite" is an earnest and painstaking worker, and has climbed to her present position by hard study and strict "attention to business"; and, though she is brimming over with fun and mischief, she can play in a tragic or pathetic vein with equal success and dramatic ability.

Mr. H. W. Massingham, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Chronicle*, has been spending his Easter holidays in Rome. This is Mr. Massingham's first visit to the Eternal City.

On a recent rainy night I passed the pit and gallery doors of a theatre where the manager and the syndicate supporting him are making fine healthy fortunes. As usual, the crowd was immense, and, in the ordinary course of events, many colds were caught. My passing glimpse of the patient people brought back an old idea of mine. Why should not the unreserved parts of the house be thrown open two or three hours, instead of thirty minutes, before the curtain rises? It is easy to understand that, in the old days, when the pit was the scene of a gallant fight, and the gallery the place of a pitched battle, people would have resented any interference with their struggle for amusement. But to-day things are different. Pit and gallery patrons assemble in peaceful pairs; there is neither the absolute fight nor the harmless scrimmage. It is no more a question of the survival of the fittest. People who are employed during the day cannot reach theatre doors much before six o'clock, at which hour entrance to unreserved seats should be allowed. Then, at least, people would be saved the tedium of standing up, often in bad weather and worse draughts, while no possible harm would be done to the theatre. I do not like to see men and women standing patiently in all weathers on the pavement, waiting for the pleasure of the management to pay their money and take their seats. It seems undignified and quite unnecessary.

I have not given publicity to this matter without carefully considering possible objections, and I find none worthy of serious notice. There would be a trifling expense of lighting—which, as it would only extend to the unreserved parts of the house, may be lightly passed over—and the services of money-takers would be required at a slightly earlier hour. Two or three times in the season, and on first nights of new pieces, the stage might be wanted for rehearsal between six and eight o'clock, but on such occasions the existing method might be again resorted to. The fact is, our average playgoer is too modest. He does not complain of an abuse simply because he has grown accustomed to it. For the same reason he often pays extraordinary prices for bad refreshments, and sixpence for a programme, in which a thin stream of matter interesting meanders between broad fields of advertisement. If it be true that "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give," then those patrons are very sleepy and careless. Managers would meet their public in any way that seemed reasonable, but they do not look out for opportunities of being considerate. If the pittite, who is a very important factor in managerial success, remains content to stand and wait, the manager will not do anything to baulk his humour. But why should the pittite and his brethren of the gallery be content? I have been told that my suggestion would bring people to the pit and gallery seats with food of all descriptions, and that they would make the place in a mess. Perhaps the first part of the statement is true. I doubt the second.

After penning the previous paragraphs I called upon one or two managers, and told them what I was going to do. They laughed with great scorn. "Why," said one, "don't you see that if we opened the doors at six people would be waiting at four?" and he went back to first-night examples. Herein I hold that he was quite wrong. A first-night audience in pit and gallery is composed of enthusiasts whose money is sometimes the only return that a manager gets for outlay on a bad play. These enthusiasts will be present on a first night under any circumstances, and, as I have already suggested, on these particular occasions it would not be possible for managements to grant early admissions. On other nights the pit and gallery is largely recruited from the class that works during the day and cannot congregate at theatre doors before six o'clock. The *flâneur* who, if managers be correct, would be waiting for doors to open at four o'clock must always be first, if he cares to be. Again, consider how managers would benefit on wet nights by having unreserved seats open to the public at the end of the afternoon. Nobody would mind the wet, few people would owe an attack of cold or rheumatism to the visit to the theatre.

I should hardly care to count up off-hand the actual number of the dramas written by Mr. Tom Craven, who is managing for the proprietors, Messrs. Batley and Linfoot, the new Grand Theatre and Opera House, Croydon, opened amid such pomp on Easter Monday. Playwright, comedian, manager, Tom Craven is a fine example of that deservedly "dominant" genus, the good all-round man, and his clever wife, Miss Constance Moxon, is quite as successfully versatile as he is, her most recent exploit having been her brilliant and remarkably popular impersonation of Dick Whittington in the pantomime at the Court Theatre, Liverpool.

Few living persons bear names more honoured in dramatic annals than that of Mr. Tom Craven's father, Henry T. Craven, who may be said to have uttered his swan song in composing the inaugural address for the opening of the new theatre. There are not so very many present-day playgoers that remember clearly the original productions, in the course of the 'sixties, of "The Post-Boy," "The Chimney Corner," "Miriam's Crime," "Meg's Diversion," and "Milky White," in the last mentioned of which Mr. H. T. Craven made his own principal success as an actor. Others in the cast were David James, Ada Swanborough, and J. D. Stoye. Still fewer are there to recall this veteran's London début, which is recorded to have taken place at Drury Lane in 1850, when he played Orlando to the Rosalind of Mrs. Nisbett, who was the first Lady Gay Spanker. The elder Craven thus is one of the connecting-links between the modern stage and an epoch which some "New Critics" affect to despise.

Among the cast of Mr. Jones's new play at the Garrick I note the name of Mr. A. B. Tapping. Years ago, Mr. Tapping used to be a valued member of the Lyceum Company. He has recently been touring with such pieces as "Jim the Peuman" and "The Importance of being Earnest." His wife, Miss Florence Cowell, is doing excellent work with the Kendal Company, while his daughter, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, has made a great hit as Oriana the slavey in "The Star of India."

By the way, pretty Miss Nelly Gregory has severed her connection with musical comedy. She now lends light to "The Star of India," and has something more to do than look pretty—in her case an absurdly easy task. I hope that her present part is a fresh start over the pleasant road of comedy, which she has followed before. In any case, Manager Gilmer is to be congratulated on adding this clever lady to his company.

Aquila, one of the three young ladies alluded to by Miss Clo Graves in the title of her new piece, "A Mother of Three," is a part assigned to a charming daughter of a charming mother, Miss Audrey Ford. Miss Ford, who recalls in various ways the characteristics of Miss Lottie Venne, is making headway in the profession, what with her dainty appearance and *naïve*, ingenuous manner. During the latter part of the long run (or should it be called "drive"?) of "Gentleman Joe," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, she filled very prettily the part of the Hon. Mabel Cavanagh, originally represented by the equally delightful Miss Kate Cutler.

Mr. Richard Dowling's play, "Below London Bridge," was produced on Easter Monday at the Novelty Theatre by Miss V. St. Lawrence. The drama, founded on the author's novel, "Below Bridge," would be difficult to characterise; suffice it to say that, like the novel, it abounds in startling and improbable incident, most of which, unfortunately, "happens off." There is no particular reason why anything that does occur should occur; but, presumably, Mr. Dowling's theory of life is a theory of haphazard, and who shall say that such a view is wholly absurd? About theories of life, however, the audience at the Novelty did not trouble itself. It did not at first seem attentive, but, as the piece meandered to a close, from Woolwich to Guatemala and back again, pit and gallery ceased their chatter to listen, at the end liberally rewarding Miss St. Lawrence's powerful acting of poor demented Mary Jeaters with an enthusiastic call. The villain, Frank Jeaters, who, by-the-bye, was called "the Jeaters" in the novel, went his wicked and mysterious way from nowhere to muddy death "below London Bridge"—or so, at least, the house was informed by John Crane, the good young man of the piece, after Jeaters fell out of the window. Mr. W. Felton, as Jeaters, and Mr. Augustin Symonds, as Crane, did conscientious work.

Madame Medora Henson, the soprano, who has lately been repeating at the Crystal Palace the success she gained at Gloucester on the original production of Mr. F. H. Cowen's sacred cantata, "The Transfiguration," is wife of Mr. Waddington Cooke, the composer and accompanist.

I hear talk of a projected visit of Miss Lottie Collins to America this autumn with "The New Barmaid." Miss Collins has made herself a favourite across the Atlantic latterly with her vaudeville company, and I should say that her present performance of the amended title-part in the musical comedy now running at the Avenue would prove attractive "on the other side."

Dutch Daly, the well-known variety stage comedian, whose humorous patter and remarkable performances on the concertina have added their mite to the gaiety of nations, is now telling a story without words on the instrument in which his heart delights. To me the concertina recalls an atrocious institution called Bank Holiday, and is accordingly objectionable; but Mr. Daly has developed a clever idea, and I cannot withhold praise from it. The story is one descriptive of a soldier's experience, and consists of the following popular tunes played in succession, with little descriptive interludes, as noted—

"Tommy Atkins."
 "Come into the garden, Maud."
 "Will you be mine, pretty bird?"
 (Church Bells and "Wedding March.")
 "Now you're married I wish you joy."
 (Chimes; Big Ben strikes three; Baby cries.)
 "Hushaby, baby."
 (Bugle-call.)
 "The girl I left behind me."
 "Let me like a soldier fall."
 "Just before the battle, mother."
 "Rule, Britannia."
 "When Johnny comes marching home again."
 "Home, Sweet Home."

This curious composition tells a story very well, and has all the advantages of novelty.

Perhaps the shortest act on record is to be seen at one of our minor theatres just now. It lasts about half a minute, but, in compensation, the preceding "set" takes several. The curtain rises on a weird, moonlit river scene. A woman's body drifts down stream, while two men in a boat row silently up. Then comes dialogue, reduced, so to speak, to its lowest terms, as thus—

FIRST WATERMAN (*in stentorian tones, forte*). By God! It's a woman! (*They lift the body on board.*)

SECOND DITTO (*ditto, fortissimo*). By God! She's alive!

Then Curtain, and a voice from the Gallery: "Garn! D'ye call that a *hact*?"

Miss Lyddie Edmonds, the attractive young lady whose rendering of the rôle of Bessie Brent in "The Shop Girl" has been so much appreciated in the provinces, unlike most professionals, frankly avows a fondness for touring, which has not died out in spite of several tours in various companies. Miss Edmonds' father was an actor, but was against his daughter going on the stage. Eventually, however, like most young ladies who have set their heart on a certain object, she resolutely overcame all obstacles, and made an early appearance in Mr. Stedman's juvenile choir, singing in the chorus at the Covent Garden pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Miss Edmonds left the choir because it did not afford sufficient scope for her energy, and went on tour with a juvenile opera company, with which, among other parts, she played Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville." Not very long after, Miss Edmonds was principal understudy to the leading lady on tour with Mr. Arthur Roberts, and sang in the chorus. It is nearly eight years since this charming Bessie Brent adopted a theatrical career, and in this time she has appeared in many provincial pantomimes, generally playing the chief girl's part. Though on a few occasions she has donned male attire, her sympathies tend towards girlish rôles. Last Christmas she took the part of Cinderella in Major Winstanley's pantomime at Leicester, the year before she was Red Riding Hood at Brighton, and at Manchester (her native town) and Edinburgh she is also well known to theatre-goers.

In Miss Cissy Grahame's "Pantomime Rehearsal" Company Miss Edmonds enacted the rôle of Lilly, and took other parts in the triple bill. "Broken Hearts," "Faust Up 'To Date," "Fourteen Days," are among the pieces in which this young actress has appeared. The end of last July Miss Edmonds started at Eastbourne in Messrs. Morell and

Mouillot's "Shop Girl" Company, and at the close of the first week was engaged for the part of Bessie Brent throughout all their tours, which, having terminated since the first week in December, will be resumed this spring. Up to the present Miss Lyddie Edmonds has been seen

by Londoners only in such outlying theatres as the Grand, Islington, and the Elephant and Castle; but having scored so well as Bessie Brent, and with her attractions of voice, manner, and face, there is little doubt that at no distant date in her career she will appear in one or other of the West-End theatres of London.

Miss Emma Chambers, a clever and sprightly actress, once very popular in London, is now appearing as Rosetta Mississippi, an American heiress, in one of the latest of musical comedies, "Sport; or, The Queen's Bounty," which was produced at Plymouth the other day.

Mr. A. Clifton Alderson, who is playing the part of Captain Stanmore in "The Star of India," at the Princess's Theatre, is an actor of fine presence, who has recently returned from a successful professional sojourn in Australia. Mr. Alderson, I understand, is acting as agent in England for Mr. George Rignold. Another character of cardinal importance in the new Sims-Shirley drama, that of Kate Armiger, is sustained by Miss Hettie Chattell, a lady who brings with her an excellent provincial reputation. Two or three years back I saw Miss Hettie Chattell playing a sympathetic heroine of melodrama at a suburban theatre, only recently she was appearing as the adventuress Vivien Darville in "The Derby Winner," and I retain other recollections of her skill and versatility. The Sir Roland Stanmore of the cast at the Princess's, Mr. Lyston Lyle, will be remembered for his excellent character-sketch of the old soldier-servant in Fergus Hume's unlucky play, "The Fool of the Family."



Photo by Chalkley, Gould, and Co., Southampton.



MISS LYDDIE EDMONDS.
Photographs by Hana, Strand.

HOW ALMA STANLEY "DIED."

Alma Stanley, looking in the best of health and spirits, was spending a few days in town last week to arrange future theatrical plans, and receive the congratulations of her many friends. Although the time at her disposal was short, she kindly spared me half an hour of it (writes a *Sketch* representative).

"Many thanks," she said, in reply to my expression of pleasure at seeing her alive, despite the machinations of paragraph-mongers. "It



is very pleasant to come back to the friends I have known so long, and to many I never saw before. It almost atones for what I have gone through, but not quite," she added thoughtfully.

"Have you any idea how that alarming story of your sudden death got about?" I asked.

"Not in the least," she replied. "It's a mystery, and will probably remain one. You know, I was very ill indeed during my stay with Mrs. Ponderbury and Co., and Dr. Lennox Browne ordered me off to Teneriffe. Nobody thought I was coming back. To tell you the truth, I didn't think so, and put my house in order before going away, so as to be quite prepared for the worst. I went with my old friend, Miss Christine Blessing, and certain parts of the place agreed with me wonderfully. Well, you know, one of the travelling Gaiety Companies landed on the island on its way to England, and everybody was very sad and wretched because poor Marius had died on the voyage, and had been buried at sea. They wired from there to England, telling the bad news, and when the telegrams reached London I fancy the idea of my death must have originated. The fact is, everyone expected to hear I was dead, and some must have anticipated it. However, Mr. Hamilton, my banker, came over one morning with a pile of telegrams, some from my friends, others from absolute strangers, some not even signed, but all asking for news. Of course, the shock was a very bad one, as you can imagine, for I wasn't in the best of health. Miss Blessing was very indignant, because she would have telegraphed promptly enough had there been any need to do so. By the next mail came a number of papers, and I read my obituary notices, accompanied, in many cases, by photographs. For the kindness with which I was treated I am very thankful, but why should it be said that I was born in 1854? Why should you gentlemen of the Press give me seven years of life more than I can lay claim to? I was born in 1860; and, if what I have read be true, I was born again some three months ago, in which case, I suppose, Miss Blessing is my mother."

"How are you feeling now?" I asked. "Have the old troubles disappeared entirely? You look exceedingly fit and well."

"I am much better," said Miss Stanley; "but my throat is still very troublesome. I came away from Teneriffe when I did because missing the boat I took would have kept me for at least another three weeks on the island, and that would have been rather more than I cared for. Unfortunately, I did not get much benefit from the homeward voyage. I had to keep below as much as possible to avoid the risk of sea-sickness, which would have been very bad for me with my lungs in their weak state, and so I missed the sea-breezes. Then I caught a cold, which has affected the bronchial tubes, and I can't get rid of it. All the same,

I'm feeling very well and cheerful, and Dr. Lennox Browne is very pleased with the progress I've made. Here in town I've been inundated with congratulatory letters, most of them from people I've never seen, except, perhaps, from the stage. They have been writing to say how pleased they are to hear of my return to life. I didn't know I had so many friends."

"What are your immediate plans?" I asked. "Is there any truth in the rumour that you are going to do a 'turn' on the Syndicate Halls?"

"Not the least in the world," replied Miss Stanley, smiling. "Please recollect that I am only three months old, and cannot undertake such things at present. But, seriously," she continued, "I feel it would be very foolish to go on the halls now without songs, dresses, or preparation—it would be suicidal. I am going to take a short holiday, and then I shall return to work. I came back at an awkward moment, about two weeks too late for at least a couple of good engagements. I am not as sorry as I might be, for my voice still wants a rest"; and Miss Stanley went on to tell me of one or two theatrical intentions, concerning which she pledged me to secrecy.

Then Miss Blessing came in, and I congratulated her on her fine three-months-old baby, and prophesied that she would make a successful appearance on the stage. Miss Blessing told me that, on the day the rumour of her friend's death reached London, they were photographed together; and I immediately claimed the photo on behalf of *The Sketch*, in order that its readers might see how mother and daughter looked on that trying occasion.

"How did you like Teneriffe life, and Spanish existence generally?" I said, knowing that Miss Alma Stanley has seen a good bit of both, in one way or another.

"Life in Spain itself is all right," she answered, "but a little of Teneriffe goes a very long way. The food is bad, the natives are worse, and, although sunrise and sunset are fine things in their way, they can't make up for everything."

"Well, everything has happened for the best," I said in conclusion; "the report of your death has made all your friends more delighted than ever to see you back again. It has been a good advertisement, and ensures you a tremendous reception wherever you elect to appear in public. Consider how few people are permitted to read their own obituary notices."

And the clever actress was for the moment content to forget the terrible shock she had sustained, and to admit that the knowledge of having so many friends and well-wishers would give an additional pleasure to her return to stageland.

Miss Stanley's theatrical qualifications need no praise here, while the trials and dangers of the past few months go to show that she is blessed with no small amount of courage and endurance.

Since my brief chat with Miss Alma Stanley, she has made a first appearance before a London public, at the Playgoer's Club, where she obliged with a Spanish Dance, and was the happy recipient of an enormous ovation.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

IV.—COLNEY HATCH.

Bring diamonds and amethysts,
And golden chains withal,
That I may twine them round her wrists,
And bind her with love's thrall.
Bring forth the consort's crown for her—
She hath a royal mien—
And bring a robe of ermine fur
Wherewith to clothe my Queen.

For I am the King on the ebony throne,
And I rule o'er an inland sea;
But I sit all day in my state alone,
For everyone's mad but me.

Bring all the lure of love's delight,
Make music subtle, sweet,
While I, throughout the summer night,
Pay homage at her feet.
Let lutes and viols serenade,
With notes like fairies' tears,
Until the stars begin to fade
And whispering dawn appears.

Bring sable pall, and mournful harp,
And bear her corse away
(For never dagger was so sharp),
My Queen is dead to-day.
Blood-blossoms stain the ivory breast
That was so fair to see;
My Queen lies shrouded, white, at rest,
For that she lied to me.

For I am the King on the ebony throne
Who rules o'er an inland sea;
And it's oh! but my heart is turned to stone,
For everyone's mad but me.



MISS EVA MOORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER-BAKER STREET, N.W.

MR. SIDNEY JONES.

Mr. Sidney Jones greeted me heartily as we arrived simultaneously at his comfortable villa in St. John's Wood, he in his smart trap and I on foot. In a minute we were in his study, and, anxious to have done with the biographical dentistry to which I had come to submit him, my patient briefly took me back into his past to sate my curiosity. To my question



MR. SIDNEY JONES.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

whether he had received any academic honours, the reply was in the negative; so I reminded the composer of "The Gaiety Girl" of his distinguished forerunner, Handel, who, when he was urged to accept the degree of Doctor of Music, testily replied, "Vat te tevil I trow my money away for dat vich te blockhead vish? I no vant!"

"To what part of your training do you ascribe your recent successes in your particular class of music?"

"I have now followed music as a profession for eighteen years. I began as a boy, playing the clarinet in a military band, and gradually picked up a knowledge of all the wind-instruments, a knowledge which stands a composer in good stead when he comes to orchestrate, because a hold over this part of the orchestra is one of the main essentials in

producing an effective score. I next took to teaching the piano, and was for some time a teacher of that instrument at Leeds."

"When did you make your debut as a composer?"

"Quite recently. That trifle, 'Linger longer, Lucy,' which took the public ear, also attracted Mr. George Edwardes. My relations with that gentleman commenced with my conducting during the tour of Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie in Australia. When I returned, Mr. Edwardes engaged me to conduct 'In Town,' at the Prince of Wales's. But, you will remember, through the death of poor Fred Leslie, this piece had to be removed to the Gaiety, where, of course, Meyer Lutz took up the bâton. It was still my intention to go on conducting, and I made myself over to the 'Morocco Bound' Syndicate at the Shaftesbury. During the run of this piece Mr. Edwardes asked me to go back to the Prince of Wales's, and I determined to 'strike for honest fame' by proposing not only to conduct, but to write the music for the new piece. I immediately set about the opening numbers, which were so much appreciated that I proceeded, and turned out all the music of 'The Gaiety Girl' except 'Tommy Atkins' and 'Jemmy on a Chute.'"

"Haden't the 'Morocco Bound' Syndicate anything to say about your secession?"

"Yes, complications ensued. They objected to my return; and, not to trouble you with the ins-and-outs of the business, a suit was brought against me, in which they tried to get an injunction to restrain me from conducting—but failed. Next came an action for damages, which was finally settled out of Court. Of course, in all this Mr. Edwardes was my loyal backer."

"Mr. Edwardes, who has a decided ear for what is tuney, no doubt, knew his man. The success of 'The Gaiety Girl' was phenomenal. 'Sunshine Above' was alone worth going to hear."

"The piece ran for thirteen months in London, and has been produced in many places in America, Australia, and Africa. 'An Artist's Model,' its successor, has had even a longer run by some two months, and is already popularised in America and Africa."

A comparison of the two pieces was obvious, so I inquired which of them was nearest to the composer's own heart.

"At opening, 'An Artist's Model' was, musically, all my work. I think there is better work in it; the subject was more serious, and demanded a more ambitious setting. There is nothing, for instance, in 'The Gaiety Girl' like some of the music for Miss Tempest in the later piece."

"Can you, within the limits of proper Cabinet secrecy, give me a stray idea or two anent the new Japanese opera to be produced on Saturday?"

"The Japanese opera will be of a much lighter character than 'An Artist's Model.' I have worked-in a great deal of Japanese colouring, and have taken many suggestions from the genuine national music. The general get up will be thoroughly artistic and workmanlike, and will be entirely independent of 'The Mikado,' with which, of course, we do not challenge comparison. We do not aim so high."

I suggested that very possibly the new venture would hit where it does not aim, and, on asking what musical models Mr. Jones affected, he assured me that he was proud to follow at a distance in the steps of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and next he had a fancy for the style of Alfred Cellier, all of whose operas he had conducted.

The alleged combination of the popular and academic in Dr. Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" suggested the query whether, in Mr. Jones's opinion, this combination was capable of making an all-round paying success.

"I do not believe in the introduction of learned work, except in the single exception of four-part writing. The French school has the better of us English except on this one point, where Sir Arthur, Dr. Carr, and Mr. Cellier are far superior. My own idea is that it is next to useless to write symphonies, elaborate themes, or make use of counter melodies. At any rate, in the new piece at Daly's the music serves purely and simply as an embellishment. Our idea is brightness and brevity, and none of

my numbers occupy more than three minutes, except a finale, which runs to about five."

"Is there anything unique in your methods of work?"

"Nothing. I find the morning my best time for writing. Ideas for songs sometimes come at odd moments. My most *bizarre* occasion of inspiration was, perhaps, when I conceived a song while carving a joint of beef."

"Certainly," was my comment, "one would hardly have connected the psychological moment with Sir Loin of Beef."

"The air of 'Linger Longer, Lucy,' fitted itself exactly during a ten-minutes' cab drive to the words which were given me as I jumped in. When I jumped out I knew I was the writer of a popular song."

"Are there any other separate songs bearing your name?"

"There is a ballad just being published by Messrs. Hopwood and Crew, called 'For You Alone.' But I am less interested in such work than ambitious to write a more serious opera, in which the music will be a more important factor, and I expect Mr. Harry Greenbank will be my collaborator when I make a start. Meanwhile, I have conducted Messrs. Caryl and Dance's 'Gay Parisienne' at the Duke of York's."

Having pried so far into the future, I felt that nothing remained but to ask the composer to play me some of the sprightly music for the new piece. Cordially enough my request was granted, and, sitting down to his Erard, Mr. Jones played from his score—a model of neatness—a clever sextet, a quaint song, some snatches savouring of Japan, and a madrigal in our grand old English style. These he played with such *verve* that I went away humming, in pleasant satisfaction, airs that will soon be popular the wide world over, and with the conviction that Mr. Jones is an able man, who is none the less to be appreciated because he is conscious of his own limitations.

IF I WERE TEN.

If I were Ten, my dear, like you,
The sky, methinks, were always blue,
The hours would ne'er seem dull and dun,
For every day I'd see the sun
Come out and gild the world anew.

And everything I heard were true,
There were not aught to mourn, undo,
I scarce would know the things to shun
If I were Ten. . . .



And yet, perhaps, if I could woo
Your age again, I'd long with rue
To see the years and birthdays run
Until my place to-day were won.
I'd have a different point of view
If I were Ten.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



ART NOTES.

The National Portrait Gallery, which was opened to the public on Good Friday, may be said to have fully satisfied expectation. It may be objected that the various rooms in which the Gallery's treasures are preserved are somewhat narrow and cramped, but it is scarcely possible



THE NORE LIGHT-SHIP.—A. HARVEY MOORE.
Exhibited at Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.'s Galleries, Pall Mall.

to commend too highly the method by which the various portraits have been arranged in those rooms, and to overestimate the consequent historic—as well as artistic—interest which thereby attaches to them.

That method, to put the matter briefly, is successful chiefly by its grouping; and assuredly Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director, deserves, in this respect, the greatest possible praise. For a beginning, the panorama of English History, as we know it to have been enacted by our greatest men and women, by our "inheritors of genius and virtue and imperishable renown," is here unrolled anew through the very presence of those great ones gathered together according to their vocations in war, in arts, in letters, in statesmanship. Nearly all those sad and tragic creatures whose names Macaulay recalls in the magnificent death-roll of the fifth chapter of his History are here: Monmouth, Margaret of Salisbury, Essex, "upon whom fortune had lavished genius only to conduct him to an early grave," Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Grey, Mary Stuart, and the features of other "unquiet and aspiring statesmen," touch one, as they look out, as it were from life, with a sense of their tragedy, which, in the backward look of history, seems now so utterly and hopelessly inevitable.

It will be seen that one's first sentiment upon visiting the Gallery makes not so much for art as for historical emotion, a perfectly legitimate satisfaction, after all. You have your sympathies, for example, with the face of Charles I. before you realise the superb workmanship of Vandyck; and you understand, if somewhat dimly perhaps, the fascination of Steenie before you feel how coldly Gerard Honthorst has painted the portrait of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. On the other hand, Lely's portrait of the second Duke of Buckingham, described in the catalogue a little puritanically as "the profligate courtier and companion of Charles II.," is an extremely interesting and solid bit of painting, well modelled, and, though ugly, obviously true.

The portraits of Queen Elizabeth, of doubtful origin, are, nevertheless, all good, and vary but little. They have all a kind of artistic inclusiveness, which is characteristic, oddly enough, of few painters except Holbein, who possessed that quality in a superlative degree. Von Angeli's portrait, on the other hand, of her Majesty Queen Victoria—to make a sudden comparison—cannot possibly be considered worthy either of its subject or of its position. The series of

portraits by Mr. Watts, though a trifle monotonous and gloomy, must rank among the greatest possessions of the Gallery. The "Sir Henry Taylor," the "Rossetti," and the "Matthew Arnold" are all specimens of splendid and even poetical work. There are two portraits of Warren Hastings, both excellent and characteristic, one by Tilly Kettle and one by Lawrence; but, by the way, is it not a historical mistake to say, according to an inscription, that the trial of Hastings lasted only for seven years? "He had been attacked," says Macaulay, "by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed." We must reserve further details of this most interesting collection for a future occasion; for the present, we have merely touched upon the general view that presents itself upon a first visit, and as much from the historic as from the artistic standpoint.

We reproduce below a photograph of the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft's design of Queen Boadicea, which, it is hoped, will shortly be erected upon the Thames Embankment, a project which requires, we understand, a sum of three thousand pounds before it can be realised. We also understand that the group is nearly twice the size of life, for the figure of Boadicea measures ten feet. A car, the body of wicker-work and the wheels thick circles of solid wood, is drawn at speed by two unbridled horses rudely belted to the heavy pole. In the car, naked to the waist, crouch the Queen's two daughters, looking towards the Roman host. The face of one is timorous, that of the other proud. Between them stands Boadicea. She has her arms lifted above her head; her right hand is closed round the shaft of a spear, and the left is extended. Her face and her entire manner convey the impression that she is addressing the multitude of the warriors of her tribe. The figures of this group were modelled in clay and afterwards cast in plaster, but the horses were modelled direct from the plaster. According to an already published communication, the late Prince Consort thought that the summit of the gateway at Hyde Park Corner would be a fitting site for the group. The new project for the site on the Thames Embankment seems, however, altogether more satisfactory.

An "Art Competition," with prizes in money, gold, silver, and bronze medals, &c., to the value of £1000, has been promoted by the proprietor of Mellin's Food. It is given under two sections, the painting section, which includes original paintings in oil and water-colours, and black-and-white sketches, and the photographic section, including almost every class of work with the camera.

The annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund is to be held on the 30th inst. at the Holborn Restaurant. The Marquis of Huntly will preside.



BOADICEA.—THOMAS THORNYCROFT.

"WINGS, WINDS, AND WAVES."

It was under somewhat unusual circumstances that I first saw Mr. A. Harvey Moore, whose series of sea-pictures, entitled "Wings, Winds, and Waves," Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. have selected for their



MR. A. HARVEY MOORE.
Photo by A. L. Shepherd, Southend.

Spring Exhibition at their galleries in Pall Mall. One day in late autumn a well-known art-critic and myself were at the pier-head of a yachting resort on the East Coast. We had the place entirely to ourselves, for the wind, which was blowing "guns," was bitingly cold, and the sea-horses tossed their heads and went racing by as if lashed by invisible riders who stood up in the stirrups to urge the pace.

It was not the sort of day in which anyone who could help it would care to be about, and, except for a big barge that had been caught in the storm and was evidently making for shelter, not a sail was in sight.

When we turned to retrace our steps, so high was the wind that we had to put down our heads and butt against it like cattle; but, on stopping for a moment to take breath, we saw, to our astonishment, a little cockleshell of a yacht beating out to sea, with two men on board. One, the "skipper," was at the tiller. The other was a huge fellow, with a body like a Viking, and with thick curling grey hair, which was unprotected by hat or cap. He had a palette in one hand, a paint-brush in the other, and, with an artist's block resting easel-wise against his knees, was painting as unconcernedly as if he had been in his own studio. As the yacht rounded the pier-head, he put up his palette and brush, took his wet hair in his hand, screwed it up, and wrung the water out of it as women wring a wet towel, and then, tossing on his cap, turned the boat's head full in the eye of the wind, and went scudding away seaward, and was soon lost to sight.

"Is he a madman?" I said to my friend the art-critic.

"No, that's Harvey Moore, the painter. He's one of the men who ought to do great things, but never will now, I'm afraid. He's too lazy, too fond of his yacht, his horse, and his gun, to work as a man *must* work if he is to do justice to himself. It's a pity, for the fellow doesn't merely paint pictures. He goes out in that boat and literally 'slams' God's sea and sky upon canvas."

That my friend the art-critic was mistaken in thinking Mr. Moore would never stick hard enough to work to do justice to his ability, the

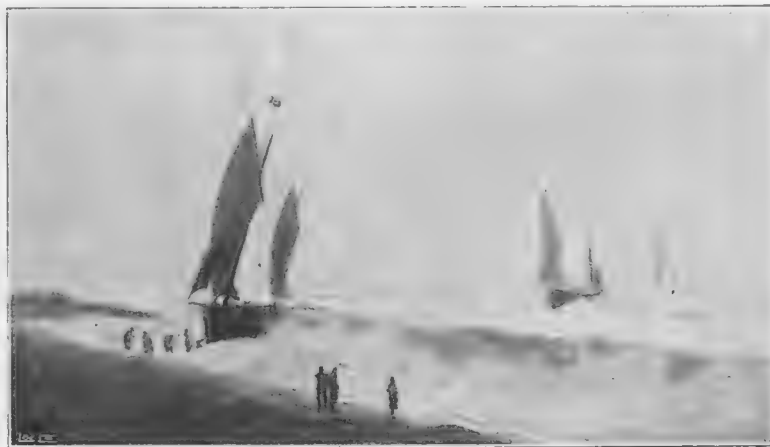
103 remarkable pictures which Mr. Graves is now exhibiting sufficiently prove. That he was right in saying that the painter can "slam God's sea and sky on canvas" no one who has visited the gallery in Pall Mall will deny.

Every picture—so it is stated in the catalogue—has been done on the spot, and apparently with great rapidity, for some of the fleeting effects of sea and sky could surely never have been "caught living," so to speak, as we see them here, and fixed for ever on the canvas, had the artist not the gift of dashing down what he saw before the elusive glory was gone. Mr. Moore's gifts as a colourist are really great. Anything stronger, more daring, and yet more true than Nos. 19 and 92 it were difficult to conceive. Perhaps the most original pictures in the collection are the eight remarkable effects in moonlight—Nos. 63, 66, 69, 72, 75, 78, 81, and 84. The painter has evidently his own ideas upon the treatment of moonlight, and they are clearly the result of long study. His theory apparently is that the usual black and silver effects are false to nature—that moonlight comes invariably on the harmony of tone—generally in green, but that it may even be seen on the key of red. He has also made a special study of spray as it is sometimes to be noticed dashing up against moonlight, as seen in No. 75, a really beautiful picture, poetic in treatment and rich in colouring.

To every lover of nature, and to yachtsmen especially, "Wings, Winds, and Waves" should have exceptional interest. The tone of white canvas against sunlight, as seen in No. 47; the wild commotion of the sea and sky, as portrayed in No. 1, and "The Yacht's Dinghy" (No. 12), will appeal especially to yachtsmen. "Rivals Refitting" (No. 20), which shows *Ailsa*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita* in Messrs. Fay's yard, Southampton, is a particularly skilful bit of technique. Being painted "stem on," it affords an extremely difficult piece of foreshortening, as can be seen in the value of the line on the left-hand side of the picture of *Ailsa*.

The largest picture in the room (No. 43) has a curious history. It was entitled "The Old Pier-Head,"

and was a study of a pier-head with sunlight behind. A day before sending the picture Mr. Moore decided to turn it from a sunlight into a moonlight effect, and did so. When he saw it in the gallery he was still dissatisfied, and spent the two days before the opening of the show in painting out the pier-head and replacing it by rocks. But as it was described as "The Old Pier-Head" in the catalogue, he affixed a label stating that "Owing to the prevalence of strong winds during the last few days, the Old Pier-Head has disappeared." c. k.



BEACHING FISHING-BOATS AT HASTINGS.—A. HARVEY MOORE.



HAULED UP: HASTINGS BEACH.—A. HARVEY MOORE.



FELIXSTOWE DOCK.—A. HARVEY MOORE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"LESBIA." *

To invent a new dramatic situation seems as difficult to-day as that invention of a new pleasure for which the Roman Emperor offered a reward in vain; yet this Mrs. Steele has devised in "Lesbia." For, surely there is no dramatic precedent for the situation of a husband, because of his love for his wife, insisting upon her elopement with a man who has not compromised her? This is the husband's ultimatum to the young gentleman who was but playing at passion with a woman who but played at everything. "Here is my suggestion. Either we, you and I, will stand up at close quarters and shoot at each other, or you and Lesbia will both leave this house, while you must undertake to marry her directly I obtain a divorce." And this because of his consuming love for her and of his oath at the altar "to take care of her." To make

Love himself take part against himself

in this singular way appear to the reader possible, and even probable, was a difficult thing to do; yet in "Lesbia" it has been done so perfectly that you are in doubt whether Kenneth Ross could consistently have taken any other course. Being the penniless orphan of a Scotch father and of a Welsh mother, his Cambrian fire and fancy, sustained and controlled by Caledonian steadfastness, fits him for the business an old sweetheart of his mother's undertakes to teach him, engraving. His familiarity as an engraver with the masterpieces of the great painters so quickens not only his artistic sensitiveness, but his susceptibility to beauty, that he has but to see the exquisitely lovely Lesbia to fall in lifelong love with her. Poor little Lesbia, however, with the Bohemian blood in her veins of two broken aristocrats, French and English, was incapable of a lifelong or a month-long feeling of any kind. As her disillusioned husband said to her, "You can never be really married as long as you are—Lesbia." If she had given Kenneth even such butterfly love as she was capable of, it could hardly have outlasted the honeymoon, but her facile fancy had settled upon Lord Ulick O'Neil, the heir to an Irish dukedom, and she accepts Kenneth only in the rebound of her despair of Ulick's love. When Ulick quits England without a farewell word to her, and with a farewell word (which she overhears) to a friend, disavowing a single serious thought of her, she marries Kenneth forthwith. A marriage made under such circumstances was little likely to be happy; but under no circumstances could the union of two such incompatible people have been happy. Kenneth's intense Scotch seriousness bored poor little Lesbia—light, iridescent, and empty as a soap-bubble—to death; while his Welsh worship of her, as a being much too bright and good for this world, made her yet more uncomfortable. The pedestal he would set her on was a St. Simeon Stylites pillar of martyrdom to her. "I am quite tired of posing," she complained piteously to Ulick, "as a cross between a saint and a goddess. *He isn't my sort*, and it's difficult to feel as much ease with a worshipper as I should with a chum." On the other hand, Ulick, who cuts a more pitiful picture than the author imagines, is as selfish, foolish, and irresponsible as herself. On his return to England he resumes his flirtation with her, is surprised in a love-scene by her husband, and submits to a sound drubbing at his hands, "because all his instincts were against fighting in Lesbia's presence." Even outside the house his instinct served him as discreetly as Falstaff's, since he murmurs only and meekly: "What a grip you have! What on earth made you come at me like like that?" However, the lover escapes with but a few bruises, while the physical intoxication of Lesbia's charms and caresses overpowers the husband into pardoning her. For Lesbia is a philosopher of the Vivien school. "They all," she says, "have such big thoughts and theories about ideals and principles; but it's the *person* they care about. If it's true that 'every woman is at heart a rake,' as that crabby little satirist said, I am sure that every man is at heart a Turk." She lulls Kenneth into such confidence in her that he goes from

home, knowing that, in his absence, she will meet Ulick at a ball. Unfortunately, however, Lesbia had thrust into a pocket of the ulster she insists on his wearing—having worn it that morning herself—a love-letter of Ulick's, making an assignation with her at her own house in the small hours after the ball. This hurries Kenneth home in time to find his wife awaiting Ulick in a dishabille even more improper than the low-cut ball-dress to which he had once objected. "Her diaphanous petticoats only veiled her lovely form; her red satin bodice, as it caught the light, seemed to girdle her with flame. She had unfastened her glorious hair, and let it fall—a profuse, glittering mantle which reached to the knees." Then comes the startling situation of the story, when Kenneth, upon Ulick's appearance, offers him the alternative of a duel with revolvers at point-blank range, or an elopement with Lesbia, to be followed by a marriage. Ulick, sullenly preferring marriage with Lesbia to death, goes forth with her into the night, and Kenneth is left alone with his despair—

"What else could I do for you—I, who wanted you so much? How else could I help you, excepting by letting you go?" he cried to himself. He paced the room till morning, tormented by mad longing for her return to him, and went downstairs at last—to find that she had returned! "Is he?" he asks her of Ulick, "that poor, pitiful thing, a man that leaves a woman alone in the misery he has made?" "What, Ulick? Oh dear, no!" said Lesbia. "He was quite keen for me to go; it was I that didn't rise to it. You see, when it came to the point, I didn't feel I *could* go without bidding you good-bye, so I sent Ulick away alone. He took on dreadfully, poor boy! but I told him he'd feel better when he'd had a wash and a shave. . . . But, when it came to going away in real earnest—well, I actually went a few steps down the garden, and then I stopped short, and all at once felt so lonely that I could have cried; so I came back to where, after all, I felt most safe; for I must say this for you, Kenneth, you have always put my comfort before everything, and that's what I call real love."

When Kenneth ventures presently to suggest that she lacks principle, she confutes him at once. "I always go to church, Kenneth, and I shall go twice next Sunday. I really hope that you'll come with me; it will stop any possible gossip, and then we can go to the theatre next week to make up for it." How take seriously, or deal seriously with, an Undine born soulless? Kenneth can but sustain himself with the hope, which the reader hardly shares, that the baby she is expecting may make her less of a baby herself. Lesbia is a fine character-study; but there are other fine things in the volume besides character-studies—descriptions of scenery, of paintings, and appreciation of the place, power, and importance of art. There are, too, many epigrams worth quoting, but we have space only for one, which we choose for its opportuneness: "Girls are never so unlike men as when they try to imitate them. Man at his best has never been surpassed; it is at his worst that 'woman runs him hard.'"

NOW LOVE IS DEAD.

(With acknowledgments to E. Nesbit.)

Now Love is dead—

He wears no longer body nor wings that falter,
Nor lips that fade, nor eyes that tears may alter,
Nor frowns that mar his face;
Nor heeds he time nor space,
Nor needs to cowl and cloak his glorious head,
Now Love is dead—is dead.

Now Love is dead—

He moves at large about those holiest places;
He asks no token, pleads for no embraces;
But whomsoever I choose
Inexorably he woos
With mute compelling that may not be gainsaid,
Now Love is dead.

S. O.



MRS. STEELE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS LOUISE BEAUDET, AT THE PALACE.

Some ten years ago the present writer found himself in a flourishing mining town in the West of America, where a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was billed to take place—"Louise Beaudet, the eminent tragédienne, whose impersonation of such Shaksperian rôles as Ophelia, Juliet, and Desdemona have won the enthusiastic approval of the leading critics from East to West."



MISS BEAUDET.

I shall never forget the impression the actress made on me that night—her winsomeness, her fire, her sparkle, her genius, even—and I never forgot her name. She was the Juliet I had sighed for, the capricious Mantuan maid that Shakspeare drew. Three years later I heard of her at Montreal. She was still playing Shakspeare, and, as she was only sixteen when I first saw her, so she was scarce nineteen now.

One evening in 1891 I found myself in the Casino Theatre, New York, where Mr. Rudolph Aronson's famous opera company was giving performances of "The Tyrolean." To my utter amazement, I came across the name of Louise Beaudet on the play-bill. I spoke to my companion, a well-known journalist. Could this be the same Louise Beaudet I had seen playing Juliet in Leadville? "Oh, yes! the same," he laughingly rejoined. "She got tired of being tragédienne, and is joint prima donna here with Marie Tempest, and her beauty and her singing have captured the town."

Miss Beaudet's mother, who was a Spaniard by birth, was a journalist in France when Louise was a child, writing, over her maiden name of "De Rouiz Martel," dramatic and art sketches, some of which may be found in old files of the *Figaro*. Recognising in her little daughter's mimetic powers, which early manifested themselves, a talent for acting, she encouraged it. Little Louise was taken to the Comédie Française, where she was wonderfully taken with all that she saw and heard, supplementing her mother's teaching with what she imbibed there of style. The child had an exceptionally sweet voice, and it was decided that she should become a singer, and her education was bent in that direction.

In 1879, when the subject of this sketch was ten years old, Mrs. Beaudet took her two daughters to America, and Louise's stage-career was inaugurated. There was a preliminary season of going hither and thither in children's "Pinafore" and other juvenile companies, and then she formally came out, two years later, in Aimée's French Company at Booth's Theatre, where Miss Beaudet was the little duchess in "Little Duke." She remained with Mdlle. Aimée, singing in "The Chimes of Normandy" and several other light operas of fascinating Aimée's répertoire, Miss Beaudet stepping at once into such favour that at matinées and extra performances she played the leading rôles. As Aimée's tour was drawing to a close, Miss Beaudet's voice began to fail from overwork. She was advised by the French "star" to rest for a couple of years, and study, meantime, for "star" rôles in light opera. But the advice fell upon deaf ears. Miss Beaudet lost her singing-voice, but she was by this time wedded to the stage, and, if she could not sing, she could act; hence, off she went at a tangent, from comic opera to the classic drama.

She became a member, as the *ingénue*, of the Baldwin Theatre Stock Company in San Francisco, which included Clara Morris, Jeffreys Lewis, Adelina Stanhope, and James O'Neil among others. Here, from playing, at first, such parts as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," and Lazarillo in "Don Caesar de Bazan," the little lady, who heretofore had sung only the *ingénue* parts in a comic opera-bouffe company, stepped at once into tragedy, and appeared next as Lady Macbeth. Little Louise Beaudet as the great tragedy-queen!—people thought it would be a joke. But it wasn't; nor her Pauline that followed, nor yet her Ophelia, her Desdemona, nor any other of her rôles.

And next she was off on a seventy thousand mile tour in Shaksperian leading feminine parts. There were experiences for you, those years of travel, in India, where, at Calcutta, three "special command" performances were given, among others.

It was in India—where Miss Beaudet escaped all the evils that usually follow on climatic changes so violent as she was subjected to—that she learned to dance, which she does so charmingly, as they can tell who saw her Paresina in "Apollo" as given in New York, with Lillian Russell leading the cast.

After her seventy thousand miles of journeying, with a record, in

addition to the rôles already mentioned, of having played Beatrice, Leah, Julia in "The Hunchback," Portia, Parthenia, Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," Lady Teazle, "A Woman of the People," "Dead or Alive," then followed the rôle of Ariel. In the McVicar production of "The Tempest," in Chicago in 1889, Miss Beaudet, having regained her singing-voice, returned to her old love, light opera. In this production Messrs. Ian Robertson, C. W. Couldock, and E. D. Lyons took part.

With the Duff Opera Company, her performance in "Paola," at the Park, came on apace; then her return with the Aronson Opera Company to the Globe.

"Like best?" she repeats. "Why, my first and last love, of course, comic opera. Money can be earned so much more easily in comic opera. Then, do you know, I think it keeps one young to be where all is so bright and effervescent all the time. I believe in having a very good time; life is so short, and there are so many sad things to creep into it, anyway, that we ought to take all the pleasure we can. The 'East Lynnes' and 'Frou-Frou's' and other emotional parts which I used to play tear your heart-strings."

Next followed an engagement as prima donna with Abbey and Grau, at the Auditorium at Chicago, and as Progress in Imre Kiralfy's "America," which ran for eight months at the World's Fair. A starring engagement followed with her own company, known as the "Louise Beaudet Opera-Bouffe Company," in the répertoire of French opera-bouffes, which continued up to last May, when, coming to Europe for a holiday, an accident brought her under the notice of Mr. George Edwardes, who asked her to play Miss Tempest's part of Adèle in the piece, "An Artist's Model," at the Lyric Theatre, and for the principal cities on tour in his "Artist's Model" Company until a new opera was got ready.

But the continued success of "An Artist's Model" and "The Shop Girl" made the new opera seem very far away indeed, and Miss Beaudet was seriously thinking of packing off to Paris to sing in light opera there. One evening she was seated in the dressing-room of an old friend of hers—Miss Loie Fuller—chatting about her prospects, when Mr. Charles Morton came in and was introduced. The two entered into conversation, and suddenly Miss Beaudet clapped her hands and said—

"Mr. Morton, I should like to sing at a music-hall. I have played 'Ophelia' in French, German, and English. I have been a nautch-girl in India. I have sung 'Pinafore' in Australia; and I have been offered the *ingénue* rôles for life at the Court Theatre in Vienna. I am old now—twenty-six years old—and I have never, never sung at a music-hall."

"I will engage you on the spot, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Morton, and the result is what most Londoners know—and most Londoners frequent the Palace Theatre. Miss Beaudet sings three songs there nightly in a way we began to despair that songs could be sung since Miss Lottie Collins deserted the halls.



MISS BEAUDET.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS FLORENCE PERRY, OF THE SAVOY.

Miss Florence Perry, the lively Lisa in "The Grand Duke," at the Savoy, is a Londoner by birth, a native and inhabitant of dear, delightful Bloomsbury. Heredity must, indeed, be strong in her family, for the eldest sister, Miss Clara Perry, now Mrs. Ben Davies, was once a Carl Rosa prima donna; the second, Miss Florence, reaches the top rung of the ladder of fame ere she has gained her quarter of a century; Miss Beatrice, the third, is filling a smaller part in "The Grand Duke" very prettily; while it is rumoured that there is yet a younger sister, with a voice that is to eclipse all earlier family efforts. Florence studied singing under Madame Louisa Pyne, Signor Randegger, and received much help from her brother-in-law, Mr. Ben Davies, as well as studying elocution and voice-production under the late Emil Behnke. She went on the stage when only sixteen years of age, making her début at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as Phyllis in "Dorothy," a part she played for eighteen months, and then went on tour in "Doris" and "The Red Hussar." On her return to town, she was heard, and at once engaged, by Mr. D'Oyly Carte for his chief provincial company, to play Phyllis in "Iolanthe," Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," Phoebe in "Billee Taylor," Winifred in "The Vicar of Bray," and Gilette in "The Gondoliers"; but so excellent were her performances that her manager soon decided to bring her to town. She has more than fulfilled his expectations.



MISS FLORENCE PERRY.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

Two years ago she created the part of Milly in "Jane-Annie," at the Savoy, after which she was the arch and pretty Princess Kalyba in "Utopia," a delightfully irate Dolly Griggs in "The Chieftain," and a sedate though coy Bianca in "Mirette." The cast of "Baron Golosh" benefited by the closing of the Savoy, for she was at once secured for the part of Clementine, and to her singing and acting very much of the popularity of that piece was due. She was also a fascinating Adèle in "An Artist's Model," for some weeks at the Lyric, her fresh young voice giving an added charm to Mr. Jones's tuneful ballads and duets, but after that she was recalled to the Savoy to be "one little maid, the bride Yum-Yum," in the recent revival of "The Mikado." Miss Perry's remarkable ability was shown the other week when she was called on, at very brief notice, to assume the rôle of Julia, owing to the illness of Madame Palmay. In that rôle she most inadvertently stated the openly expressed opinion of a very crowded and enthusiastic house, in Mr. Gilbert's lines, "I flatter myself I can do ample justice to *any* part on the very shortest notice," a pert speech which on that night provoked quite an ovation. But Miss Perry never "flatters herself," far from it, for she is a true artist, and an ardent worker, and on the night in question, she says, she was almost paralysed with nervousness in her dressing-room, though for her performance she scored a triumph such as falls to the lot of few, especially while still so young. Her singing was delightful, her acting graceful and piquant, and her dramatic delivery of the tragic monologue, "I have a rival," has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed—indeed, it almost stamps her as a possible Lady Macbeth—and her rendering of "To-morrow" was exquisite. She is an all-round artist, a good singer, a capital actress, and a very neat dancer.

HOW THE TRILBYITES TOOK THEIR HOLIDAY.

BY ONE OF THEM.

It was just like the last night of term—a whiff of the old musty air of the big oak-panelled schoolroom. And a long, trying term it had been, over six months without even an "exeat." We had been playing "Trilby" more than a month in the provinces before her first appearance at the Haymarket on Oct. 30, and from that date we had been playing five months at the rate of eight performances a-week, so that when Mr. Tree formally announced that the theatre would be closed from the Monday to the Friday in Holy Week there was a great cry of gladness in the green-room. Never had Svengali kicked Gecko so hard; never had Dodor and the grisettes danced so furiously in the studio, as on the last Saturday night of March, when the one topic of conversation behind the scenes was the holiday which was to begin on the morrow.

A week later—such a horribly short week it seemed—we were back again, playing to a crowded matinée audience with as much zest as if it had been a first-night performance. And the one topic of conversation in the green-room that afternoon was the same as on the previous Saturday night, but from the retrospective instead of the prospective point of view. The question was now not "Where are you going?" but "Have you had a good time?" and the answer was invariably in the affirmative, except in the case of Dr. Oliver, who—just like a doctor!—had spent part of his holiday in the dentist's operating-chair.

Trilby herself looked more beaming than ever after a five days' visit to Lady Irving, near Folkestone. There had been only one drawback to her enjoyment; Mr. Harry Irving, to whom she is to be married this year, was not there, so that she had to "bike" by herself. The Laird of the Quartier Latin ("Daddy" Brough, of the Haymarket) had been exploring the Isle of Wight, and Taffy had been in Paris, looking for the Bashi-Bazoucks, with his wife, who, although never once referred to in the play, is well known to playgoers as Miss Annie Hughes. Madame Vinard had been spending her holiday at her home, a snug little cottage near Oxford, with her husband, who, in private life, is not a *concierge*, but, rumour has it, is a brewer of excellent beer. Mr. Kaw, the American manager of the Bashi-Bazouck concerts, had been as near to America as he could get—namely, to Birkenhead.

Svengali, who is generally too busy to appear in the green-room, had to be interviewed in his dressing-room as to where and how he had spent his holiday. He was busy building up the bridge of the Svengali nose out of a plastic material, on Nature's foundations of flesh and bone, when he told of what he and Mrs. Tree had seen and done in Paris, where they had been quartered at the Hôtel Vendôme.

"Of course, you 'did' the principal theatres?"

"Yes, four nights out of the five," he replied. "What interested me most was a remarkably clever piece by an almost unknown author, at the Vaudeville—'Amoureuse.' There is just a suggestion of 'Mrs. Tanqueray,' but no more, in the general idea, which is otherwise decidedly original and wonderfully true to human nature—the story, I was told, of the author's own married life. The acting, especially of Réjane as the heroine, is superb, and I was struck by the great improvement in the Parisian *jeune premier* as he appears in this piece. He has hitherto generally seemed to me a mere idiotic, over-shirt-cuffed, impossible puppet. Réjane has evidently taken a hint from the young English actors she saw while in London. The young men in this piece, notably the husband, who is bored to distraction by the jealousy of his oppressively devoted wife, are real French gentlemen as they exist, not as French actors have hitherto made them."

On my return to the green-room, I found Zou-Zou, in his Zouave uniform, in high spirits after four days' golfing on the ideal Sandwich course, chaffing the Rev. Thomas Bagot, who had been "driving" and "putting" on the less distinguished links at Deal. Then Dodor, the Dragoon, came in to tell us of the cycling tour which he had, with considerable credit to himself, personally conducted over some two hundred miles of French roads. His party of three, which included Gecko and Little Billee, started from Victoria at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, arrived at Rouen, *via* Dieppe, that night, and on the Monday rode to Lisieux. The next night they slept at Caen, the following night at Bayeux, and on the Wednesday night at Valognes, whence they rode to Cherbourg. There were many incidents to relate, such as how Little Billee insisted on buying a real French hat at Lisieux, and, when he had bought it, found Lincoln and Bennett's name stamped inside; and how Gecko, who, in private life, has a weakness for the purple and fine linen of Bond Street and Piccadilly, insisted on periodical stoppages to pick violets wherewith to adorn the button-hole which in London is cared for daily by a floral contractor.

The stage-manager was describing, in nautical language, the pleasure of five days spent on a five-tonner off the East Anglian coast; the assistant stage-manager was enthusing over Brighton, and the business manager arguing that there was no better way of spending Holy Week than bicycling in the New Forest; and the little lady who dances in a black gown, trimmed with big white spots, at the Christmas party given by *les trois Angliches*, and can kick as high as anyone—Dodor included—in the Quartier Latin, was describing the delights of picking wild flowers, milking cows, and eating new-laid eggs and Devonshire cream in one of the most beautiful villages in the West of England, when the call-boy reminded us that we had returned to work, and that the second act was just going to begin; and we realised that we should have to wait four or five months before the insatiable appetite of the play-going public for "Trilby" would permit Mr. Tree to make another break in the apparently infinite run of the piece.

"THE GRAND DUKE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE HERALD (MR. JONES HEWSON).

*"The Prince of Monte Carlo,
From Mediterranean water,
Has come here to bestow
On you his beautiful daughter."*



DR. TANNHÄUSER (MR. SCOTT RUSSELL).

*"When exigence of rhyme compels,
Orthography foregoes her spells,
And 'ghost' is written 'ghoest.'"*

"The Grand Duke; or, The Statutory Duel," produced at the Savoy on March 7, is likely to hold its own among the town's amusements for a long time to come. The latest "Gilbert and Sullivan" is, perhaps, not of equal value throughout. Opinions differ as to the first act—it seems over-complicated and ultra-mechanical. But everybody is agreed that the second act is conceived and acted on a very high level indeed. The cast is rather larger than is usual in Savoy opera, as follows—

Rudolph...	Mr. WALTER PASSMORE.
Ernest Dummkopf ...	Mr. CHARLES KENNINGHAM.
Ludwig ...	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
Dr. Tannhäuser ...	Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL.
The Prince of Monte Carlo	Mr. R. SCOTT FISHE.
Viscount Mentone ...	Mr. E. CARLETON.
Ben Hashbaz ...	Mr. C. HERBERT WORKMAN.
Herald ...	Mr. JONES HEWSON.
The Princess of Monte Carlo	Miss EMMIE OWEN.
Baroness von Krakenfeldt...	Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM.
Julia Jellicoe...	MADAME ILKA PÁLMAY.
Lisa ...	Miss FLORENCE PERRY.
Olga ...	Miss MILDRED BAKER.
Gretchen ...	Miss RUTH VINCENT.
Bertha ...	Miss JESSIE ROSE.
Elsa ...	Miss ETHEL WILSON.
Martha ...	Miss BEATRICE PERRY.

Of course, the feature of the opera continues to be Madame Pálmay, whose acting, singing, and dancing are unusually good all round. Her mock-tragedy scene in the second act is quite the funniest thing that has been seen at the Savoy for many a day.



THE GRAND DUKE (MR. WALTER PASSMORE).

*"A pattern to professors of monarchical autonomy,
I don't indulge in levity or compromising bonhomie."*



HARRY BLASHERAZZ (MR. C. H. WOODMAN).

"Why don't you take care of the old's?"



LUDWIG (MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON).

"I'm a conscientious conspirator."



HINNEST DOMMEROTT (MR. C. KENNEDY).

*"Hau aaminat nuylat, O nemandlor,
A vinnu pinn tiller timb!"*



LISA (MISS FLORENCE PERRY).

*"Who am I to raise objection?
I'm a child, untaught and homely."*



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS THE BARONESS VON KRAKENFELDT.

"If the married state is a happy state, it's a pity to waste any of it,"



MISS FLORENCE PERRY AS LISA.

*"And O, the bygone bliss!
And O, the present pain!
That flower and that kiss—
That simple flower, that tender kiss,
I ne'er shall give again!"*



MADAME ILKA PALMAY AS JULIA.

*"With many a winsome smile
I'd witch and woo."*



*"But whether I'm sad or whether I'm glad,
Mad! mad! mad! mad!"*



*"On her agonised gaze I gloat
With the glee of a dancing demon!"*



"I have a rival! Frenzy thrilled."



"O cold, unpleasant corpse."



ERNEST AND JULIA.

*"With so much winsome wile
I'd witch and woo!"*



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF MONTE CARLO (MR. SCOTT FISHE
AND MISS EMMIE OWEN).

*"They're very, very rich, and accordingly, as such,
To the Peerage elevated."*



ERNEST AND JULIA.

"I'll haunt you each morning, each night, and each day!"



THE BARONESS AND THE DUKE.

"I'm going to be very ill indeed."

A CHAT WITH MADAME PÁLMAY.

Eight months ago London was hardly aware of the existence of Madame Pálmay; she was acting with the Saxe-Coburg Company at Drury Lane in Zellner's "Der Vogelhändler," that was all; now her photograph is in all the papers, and her name in every mouth.

I could not help wondering, as I knocked at the door of her London home, whether I should find her just the same, with the town at her feet, as I had left her last July, when it was a new world to conquer. My doubts were not of long duration. Madame Pálmay sprang up from the piano, and came forward to greet me.

"Yes, yes," she said, shaking hands; "you came to see me in the summer; I remember quite well. There, that's a hospitable way to welcome you!" she added, as her fox-terrier, objecting to my monopolising his mistress's attention, began to bark. "Chut! be quiet, quiet! Now do come and sit down"—as the dog turned his back on me.

"You must have studied English hard; haven't you?"

"Oh, do you think I have improved?" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes; you know last time we talked in German."

"So we did," she answered, laughing; "but your English is so difficult to speak fluently. I am going to begin my lessons again now, and I hope in a little while I shall know all about it," and she leaned back in her chair and looked across at me with a laugh in her eyes that was absolutely bewitching.

"And now you are here," I said, "really here, playing in London, what do you think of it?"

"It exceeds my—my anticipations. Is that what you say? I have nothing else in the world to wish for now, except that I may learn to talk English really quite well and go on playing here."

"And will you stay long?"

"I am engaged at the Savoy for three years, you know. After that —" and she shrugged her shoulders expressively—"perhaps I shall go to America; I do not know."

"I was wondering if you would be thinking of learning French and playing in Paris?"

She laughed. "No, I don't think so. It doesn't—how do you say it?—attract me. My husband always liked the English so much, and, now I have come here, I like them too. The people in Hungary—I am Hungarian, you know—never do anything; they just save all their money, and, when they have a big deal, then they will go to Paris and spend it, and, pouf! it is all gone. Then they come back and save more. That is so slow"—and she shook her head.

I asked if she liked her part.

"Yes, I like everything about it. I like the part; and the people are so nice at the Savoy—nicer than the people at any other theatre; and Mr. Gilbert is the best stage-manager I ever met. There is nothing, nothing at all"—impressively—"and in a little while he makes something, that the whole theatre laughs."

"And you don't find the audience cold?" I queried.

"Cold; oh, no! On the first night they only applauded so little at first, then I was afraid; but in a little while they were all laughing and clapping, and I knew it was all right. What do you think my husband heard? He went up into the amphitheatre, and there were two men there, and one said, 'What do you think of the new girl?' And the other one, he said, 'The new girl? Oh, the new girl is excellent, and she knows where to put her arms,'" and Madame Pálmay laughed. She has the laugh of a born comédienne; it is all humour. And with her fair hair, dark eyes, clear-cut mouth, the odd little dimple in her chin, a face which alters with every shadow and shade of feeling,

Madame Ilka Pálmay has a personality as charming as the tilt of her well-shaped head.

"What made you first want to act?" I asked, after a pause, during which I had hunted in vain for the right word to express her.

"First? Oh, my father took me to the theatre when I was quite a little, little girl. I forget what it was I saw, but I went back to the convent—I was at school at a convent—determined to be an actress. I was always trying to act. They did not like it there, and, when I left school and went on the stage, they were so angry that they would not even let anyone say my name; but, a little while ago, I went back to the convent, and I found that they have a picture of me hanging on the wall."

"So they forgave you. And your people?"

"Oh, they did not like it either, at first; none of my family had ever done such a thing, and my father did not wish it. But I went on the stage."

"Did you always play comic opera?" I asked.

"Not quite always. I was very young then—only fifteen; and I tried tragedy—one likes so to be sad when one is young."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I appeared in a comic opera, and was engaged at once at Buda-Pesth. Then I learned German, and went to Vienna; and then, after, I toured about to different towns in Germany and Austria, and at last I married, and I played no more for a whole year," she went on cheerfully. "I could not stop away longer; I was so unhappy to act no more. Just a year, and then I came over here with the Saxe-Coburg Company, and here I am."

"And here I hope you will stay," I said, forgetting my manners and staring hard at her in an effort to find the word I wanted.

"It must be so delightful to write," she said at last.

"Don't you?" I asked.

"Well, once," she owned. "I published a little book of poems."

"Poems!" I exclaimed; "oh, what were they called?"

"Let me see. I must translate it. Oh, yes, 'From a Wounded Heart.'"

"It sounds sentimental," I answered absently, for I had found the word I had hunted for at last—dainty. Madame Pálmay is dainty from the sole of her small foot to the little curl on her white forehead.

"Come," she said suddenly, "and I will show you my greatest treasure."

I followed her across the room, while the fox-terrier, who had retired under the sofa in high dudgeon, took the opportunity to come out of his hiding-place and investigate me.

"There," she said, pointing

to a beautifully framed bill of "The Grand Duke." "There, I shall keep that as long as I live. Doesn't it look nice?"

"I see you are put down there as Madame von Pálmay," I said.

"Yes; they have taken it out of the bills now; it isn't right; *von* is German. In Hungary the *y* at the end of name means the same thing."

"I suppose you haven't had much time to go and see any of our actors or actresses?" I asked, as we walked back again.

"Oh, yes! I have seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in—yes, 'Fédora.' I liked her very much. And Letty Lind. Oh!"—enthusiastically—"Letty Lind is sweet, sweet! She is just like a dear little doll that I wanted all the time to kiss her."

"It's a way of Letty Lind's," I remarked, gathering up my belongings; "but I don't think she monopolises it." And feeling that it would be a pity to spoil the effect of that last remark, I came away, with a "Come again" from Madame Pálmay, and a snort of satisfaction from the fox-terrier, following me down the stairs.



MADAME ILKA PÁLMAY.

Photo by Székely, Vienna.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





H. COLEMAN
-80-
1896

"AIN'T SHE A WHOPPER?"



DISTRICT VISITOR : I see you have a thermometer ; where 'did you get it ?
ANXIOUS GRANDMOTHER : Th' doctor put 'n up there fur th' 'eat o' th' room, Miss ; but, Lor' bless yer ! it doan't make no difference. 'Tain't no warmer, yer know.



1 THE MERMAID HAD BEEN QUARRELLING WITH HER RELATIONS, AND CAME ON LAND TO AVOID THEM. AS SHE SAT WEeping, THE DRYAD PASSED THAT WAY & SYMPATHISED WITH HER.



2 THEY DETERMINED TO LIVE TOGETHER, AND THE MERMAID SELECTED HERSELF A TREE NEAR THAT OF HER FRIEND.



3 SHE TOOK POSSESSION, BUT SHE DID NOT FIND HER NEW HOME NEARLY SO COMFORTABLE AS SHE HAD EXPECTED



4 AND THE SQUIRREL WAS VERY ANGRY, AND SO RUDE. 'HE HAD NEVER LIVED IN THE SAME TREE WITH SUCH AN ABSURD CREATURE, AND DID NOT MEAN TO BEGIN NOW.' HE MOVED OUT WITH HIS FAMILY



5 ONE WARM EVENING THE MERMAID SLIPPED UNSEEN DOWN TO THE POND TO COOL HER BURNING SCALES AND TIRED ARMS. BUT WHEN THOSE LOW-BORN FROGS LAUGHED AT HER FISHTAIL, AND COMPLAINED THAT SHE TOOK UP ALL THE ROOM, IN THEIR PREMISES, THE MERMAID COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER & DECIDED TO GO HOME AGAIN & LEAVE THE SEA NO MORE.



M. Bowley.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE RELIEF CASHIER.

BY LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.



HANSOM pulled up at the door of the Westminster branch of the London and Suburbs Banking Company. The fare, an elegantly dressed man of a little over thirty, wearing his silk hat just a degree or two out of the perpendicular, and sniffing the carnation in the lapel of his frock-coat as he alighted, leisurely sorted some small silver from a handful of coins. The cabman simulated indifference to the process by

watching the street-Arabs who were playing in the road, but kept his glance upon those whom he could see without placing his fare outside the angle of his vision. As the gentleman who had driven up walked loftily into the Bank, with a silver-headed malacca under his arm, one of the street-boys, catching the cabman's eye, expressed in burlesque confidence, and with spurious agitation, the surmise that the fare was "Lord Roffschild come to draw a fousand or two for pocket-money"; and the cabman, with a reciprocal burst of candour, answered, "Yus; 'ow did yer know it?" Whereupon the boy made an exaggerated pretence of throwing a stone at the Jehu, who retaliated by smilingly lashing out at the air with his whip; and these civilities having been duly exchanged, both parties forgot each other's existence, and proceeded with their respective occupations.

Meanwhile the fare had entered the Bank, passed through the private door leading behind the counters, and had taken off his hat and coat, while the manager of the branch glanced at the letter he had brought. It was an ordinary letter of introduction from the General Manager of the Company, stating that the bearer was Mr. Arthur Gordon Durrant, whose signature would be found attached, and who had, in accordance with advices previously forwarded, been instructed to join the Westminster branch on temporary service as relief cashier.

"Have you had a telegram from me?" asked the new-comer.

The manager replied that he had not.

"Ah, that's all right. I wrote one out, but told the landlady not to send it. You can never tell what a landlady will do, however."

"Been queer, then?"

"Yes, felt off colour; but I had a pick-me-up at the chemist's, and it made a new man of me. This is the appearance-book, I suppose?"

"Yes," responded the manager, and, having watched this new member of his staff sign the book, he mechanically compared the autograph with the firm, bold "Arthur G. Durrant" at the foot of the letter of introduction, handed the new-comer his supply of cash, and retired into his own sanctum.

Mr. Arthur Gordon Durrant, who had now been with the London and Suburbs Banking Company for some years, had long been eagerly anticipating the time when he should become attached to one of the London branches; for, although its name did not so indicate, the Company had branch establishments in many of the large provincial towns, and it had been Durrant's fate to spend a month or two at most of those which were at the greatest distance from the Metropolis. The specific hardship of this destiny will not be apparent until it is mentioned that it was in Kensington that Miss Florence Kendal abode, and that, therefore, Kensington was the centre of the universe, according to Durrant's geography. To be in any branch establishment within calling distance of Kensington was a condition coinciding with the attainment of the summit of happiness in this young man's estimation. He had rather be a door-keeper in a branch in London than dwell in the shoes of the senior manager in the provinces.

And, to be perhaps unwarrantably frank about the heart affairs of a lady, Miss Kendal had not heard the news of her admirer's transference to London without revealing a glow of pleasure, while a light shone in her tender violet eyes which rendered futile any possible dissembling of her joy which her maidenly modesty may have suggested. She heard the welcome intelligence delighted and unashamed.

Her father had arranged to call for Arthur at the Bank, and bring him home to tea; and as the hour of their anticipated arrival approached, the sprightly Florence's trills became merrier, and more critical became her inspections of the pretty dimpled face, framed with clusters of loose and wayward brown curls, which smiled saucily at her whenever she passed a mirror. Nor were her appearances before the overmantel in the drawing-room mere casualties. There was something deliberate about the way in which she now for the first time, after residing in the house as long as she could remember, discovered that the way to the kitchen, to the pantry, to her father's study, and to her mother's boudoir always took her within sight of that gratifying looking-glass.

But Mr. Kendal came home alone, and a little cloud rapidly travelled over her face, and obscured the sunshine which had hitherto played there. She kissed her father with something of a protesting manner, and failed to observe that it was with an added tenderness and with a strange embarrassment that her father returned her salute.

"Where's Arthur?" she demanded, coming frankly to the point with a directness which made her parent avoid her gaze.

"Well," he replied, with marked hesitation, "I don't exactly know. He wasn't at the Bank when I called, and I didn't wait."

Mr. Kendal's confusion no longer escaped his daughter's scrutiny. Feeling that he was colouring under her searching glance, he stooped to pick up an imaginary pin, and then brazenly remarked that bending invariably sent a rush of blood to his head. He did not improve the situation, or lessen his disappointed daughter's surprise, when, with an attempt to assume ostentatious carelessness, he busied himself with the first occupation his retreating glance suggested, and clumsily put a shovel of coals upon the unlit fire.

Perplexity took undisputed possession of Miss Kendal's face, causing her eyes to dilate, and her little mouth to open and expose the regular ivory teeth behind her coral lips.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "you are strange!"

"Yes, Flo dear; I have heard some disquieting news. It concerns you deeply, my child, and I must warn you to be prepared for a great shock."

Florence's first impulse was to think that her father was about to rally her on the subject of her lover, which was a favourite way of his when in a playful mood. But she instantly saw that there was something serious behind this alarming introduction. She blanched a little, and sat down without a word.

"Can you stand a piece of most unpleasant news, dear?" asked Mr. Kendal, very gravely.

"Tell me, father."

"When I called at the Bank, Mr. Scotland, the manager, informed me that Arthur Durrant had duly arrived at the Bank in the morning, had gone out at lunch-time, and had not returned. His cash was then overhauled, and—shall I go on, Flo?"

The girl would not trust her voice. She nodded a pained assent.

"There was found to be missing close upon one thousand pounds in gold and a smaller amount in notes. Of course, there was only one inference to be drawn."

"Not that Arthur—" Poor Florence could not frame the sentence. Her father interpreted the attempt.

"Well, my child, there can be no other possible explanation. The young man is now being hunted for all over the country, and the manager told me he had wired to the head office for instructions about issuing a reward."

Had the door opened a second later, Florence would have been in hysterics. But her father had involuntarily called "Come in" in response to the knock, and the parlourmaid tripped over to Mr. Kendal with a card upon the salver. By an heroic effort, Florence restrained her anguish until the servant should have retired.

But when the door had closed upon the retreating domestic, Florence's threatening hysteria was again interrupted, by the sight of her father.

He was sitting in dumb amazement, vacantly staring at the card in his hand. Had it been a message from a Mahatma, precipitated through the substantial ceiling under which he sat, he could not have been more astounded. Suddenly he jumped up, and, without a word, darted through the door.

Indefinitely postponing, now, the intended hysterics, Florence ran after her parent, frightened, bewildered, and with her little heart standing still.

There, in the hall, looking pale and ill, but obviously in the highest spirits his feebleness permitted, stood Arthur Durrant.

It was with a mingling of blank astonishment and distant constraint that Mr. Kendal met the young man's cordial greeting. But Florence, with a little scream, ran at him, and was caught in an embrace which she returned with an interest which Arthur willingly set off against the father's chilliness.

"My word! it was an adventure, wasn't it?" said Arthur, reluctantly disengaging himself from the ivory fetters around his neck.

Mr. Kendal preserved a non-committal silence.

"Haven't you heard?" pursued Arthur, correctly divining the meaning of this strange reception. "They've got the couple, and, so far as is at present known, they've recovered every farthing of the money."

"Begin at the commencement, Arthur," said Mr. Kendal, as soon as the house had finished the spinning motion which the rapid succession of startling events had given to it in his disordered impressions. And with Flo at his side, and her trembling hand in his, Arthur narrated the incidents of the daring attempt which had been made to rob the Westminster branch of the London and Suburbs Banking Company.

"It has been done by people who have a good acquaintance with banking practices," he commenced, "as you will see as I proceed. It will turn out to be some former employé of one of our branches, I should think. At all events, whoever may be in it, they must have watched me about for some time, waiting the ripening of their opportunity. Well, last night—to-day's Monday, isn't it? I'm not myself yet, by any means. Yes, last night, before I had been in my lodgings an hour—I had arrived at Euston at 7.35—I received a note, brought by hand, stating that the Hon. Cecil Horsham, whose name I knew as that of one of our directors, would like to see me immediately on urgent business admitting of no delay, if I would favour him by forgetting for the moment that it was Sunday evening. I thought it was certainly worth my while to stretch a point when one of my directors would thereby be put under an obligation to me, and, although for a

moment I wondered how he had got my London address, I reflected that I had left it with various of the Bank people and others before leaving Manchester. No. 18, Grantham Square, was the address at the head of the note, and I took a cab there immediately. Of course, being unaware of the exact nature of the business, I thought I would let Mr. Horsham see, at all events, that I was not without intelligence, and I therefore took my Bank papers, not dreaming that it could be anything outside of Bank affairs. You know what fine houses they are in Grantham Square? Well, No. 18 was a handsome place, and I have rarely seen a grander room than that into which I was shown. The pictures were—

"Yes; leave out the description for the present, Arthur dear, and you can tell us that afterwards."

The interruption came from Florence, who was listening in excited wonderment.

"Well, it was a place which would have impressed anyone, and that's how it affected me. I had just had time to take in my surroundings, when a lady, young-middle-aged, of very stately bearing, richly dressed, came in. She was just a little condescending in her manner, without being unpleasantly so, and she spoke very agreeably. Her husband, Mr. Horsham, would not be long. He had taken a cab to the residence of one of the other directors. There was something of vital importance pending, and she hoped I should be worthy of the trust Mr. Horsham had decided to place in me. She thought my face guaranteed that that would be the case, so far as her judgment in physiognomy went; and so she talked for five or ten minutes. In her grand, and yet very pleasing manner, she invited me to take a glass of wine while waiting for Mr. Horsham, and she so took it for granted that I would accept her hospitality I did not dream of declining. I drank a glass of claret. It was drugged. I must have been overcome by it in a few moments, for I recollect nothing more at this time."

"Oh, how terrible!" ejaculated Florence, in the deepest concern.

"Yes, it's getting quite melodramatic," was Mr. Kendal's comment.

"Don't mind father's interruptions, Arthur. Go on."

"My first sensation on coming round was a most awful racking pain in the head, a feeling such as that left by too much whisky overnight—according to all the descriptions I have heard," added Arthur hastily. "I involuntarily groaned, and was about to turn over on to my side, when either a sponge or a handkerchief, saturated, I presume, with chloroform, was clapped over my mouth and nose. I had neither the wit nor the energy to resist, and again I lost consciousness. The next time I came round there was, fortunately, nobody in the room, and I had time to regain my presence of mind partially before a man and a woman re-entered. I simply pretended to be still under the power of the soporific. I once saw an actor commended ironically for the ability with which he played the rôle of the dead body of Julius Cæsar, but I found it a terribly difficult job to lie motionless for any length of time. However, I had realised that villainy of some sort was about, and the simulation of unconsciousness seemed my best game. The woman—I recognised the tones of the pseudo Mrs. Horsham—suggested that I ought to have a little more chloroform in case I awoke, but the man replied to her that they didn't want to corpse me, and that chloroform was too dangerous to use any more than necessary, as it was sometimes fatal even when administered by skilled doctors. However, he was kind enough to add that, when he was gone, the woman was to be sure to send me off again the moment I showed signs of wakefulness. Gradually their scraps of conversation revealed to me the nature of the plot, which, I suppose, has been pretty clear to you all along, with your brains free from narcotic control. It was about three hours after the man's departure, I should imagine, that the woman left, after bending over me and deceiving herself that I was still unconscious. I was not long in determining my course of action, although for a little while I feared that the entire house was a den of thieves. Reflection, however, showed me that, as ultimately proved to be the case, these two people had taken these grand apartments, and paid a handsome sum in advance, merely with the specific object of obtaining a place to which to decoy me. I rang the bell, got the people of the house to wire to Scotland Yard, and then, apparently, relapsed into stupidity, for I remember a doctor attending to me before I could make myself intelligible to the police-inspector. I was able to tell him, thanks to the scraps of conversation I had overheard, that Newhaven, for Dieppe, was the destination of the thieves; and, sure enough, the local police, acting upon instructions telegraphed to them, met the couple as they detained, and bagged them effectually."

Florence was still looking puzzled, and Arthur had to supply a few more details. "Don't you see that, while they had me there *hors de combat* in Grantham Square, the man, armed with my letter of introduction, marched down to the Bank and calmly impersonated me? That he could easily do, because there isn't a soul there who has ever seen me. He would have had ample opportunities to practise my signature before entering it in the appearance-book, because it was appended to the letter of introduction. There was nothing after that, provided he was acquainted with banking manners, as he obviously was, to prevent him from getting the run of a tidy sum of money. The cat would be fairly loose among the canaries after duly signing, and so it proved. Of course, they know the explanation of it all at the Bank by now?"

"No," replied Mr. Kendal; "the local inspector who saw the manager doubtless did not know himself at that time, and Mr. Scotland is applying for authority to offer a reward for Arthur Gordon Durrant. But I see he is captured. Flo seems to have him pretty securely, and for a young man with a price upon his head he seems to be fairly happy."

DARWIN'S COFFIN.

Darwin-land and Down are synonymous terms. An old-fashioned ivy-covered house, surrounded by some acres of ground, approached by an avenue of trees from the main road of this little Kentish village, and you have the home of the late Professor Darwin. The rear of the building is covered with a clinging creeper, at the present moment just bursting into leaf, and a stroll over a pleasant lawn and through a garden leads to a walk skirting the edge of a range of hills, the favourite haunt of the author of "The Origin of Species." This long, grassy path terminates in a summer-house, in which may be seen, carved on the wooden supports, the names of various members of the Darwin family, and here the learned naturalist, who was accustomed to speak of the distinct sea-breeze which could be felt at this particular spot, was wont to sit early every morning.

Although this is Darwin-land, many might add that it is also Lubbock-land and Pitt-land. High Elms, the residence of our Bank Holiday Saint, is close by, while Holwood Park, the seat of the Countess of Derby, is but a stone's throw from the village. Here, it may be remembered, is the famous oak-tree underneath which William Pitt and Wilberforce discussed the slave trade.

In the village is to be found a remarkable relic of Dr. Darwin, the existence of which few visitors to Down ever dream of. This is no less a curiosity than the actual coffin in which the naturalist once reposed. Close by the church, the parish register of which, by the way, dates from 1538, is what was originally the old Manor House. This quaint



THE COFFIN MADE FOR CHARLES DARWIN.

building lies a little way back from the road, and is now practically two houses. One has been occupied for many years past by Mr. John Lewis, referred to by Darwin in one of his works as "the village carpenter," while the other is now vacant, and can, if anyone is seeking a country residence close to town, be hired at the inclusive rental of three shillings and sixpence per week. When the present writer called at the house the other day, he was conducted to an outbuilding, where Mr. Lewis was busily engaged pursuing his professional avocation. Though by no means a young man, time has dealt very kindly with the old Professor's servant, who speaks with great affection of his late master.

Passing by an old well, my guide conducted me into a carpenter's shop, where, incongruously enough, lying among a conglomeration of tools appertaining to the carpenter's craft, lay an immense coffin. I examined the relic; it is a solid oaken structure, over six feet long, with a brass plate in the centre, bearing this inscription—

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN,
Died 19th of April,
1882,
Aged 73 years.

"Was this coffin simply made for Darwin and never used?" I inquired, when I had carefully looked at it for a few moments.

"No, sir; I will tell you how it was. I had worked for Professor Darwin—and a kinder-hearted man never breathed—ever since I was a boy. I was always making something or other for him, cases, shelves, and the like. When at the last my old master knew he was dying, he sent for me, and I was commissioned to make his coffin. He was very particular about it; he wished it very plain, and he didn't want it polished, but said, 'John, leave the coffin just as it comes from the bench.' His wishes were carried out; it was well and strongly made out of inch-and-half oak—I did it all myself—and when he died, he was put into it.

"There, sir, he laid for just thirty and a-half hours, and him and my coffin would have gone down to the grave together, but, after he had been dead a little while, his widow heard from the Westminster Abbey people, who wanted him buried there."

"And the coffin was then of no use?"

"No, he was placed in a shell and laid with other of England's great men. Of course, I was paid for my work, but, some time after, the family said I could have the coffin back. I fetched it here, and here it has remained ever since, a matter now of fourteen years." T. B.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The number of persons among us who are capable of writing an interesting story is beyond calculation. Mr. Fisher Unwin is one out of many publishers, but his various libraries by themselves must engage the services of hundreds, and it is bare justice to say that the work, as a rule, is very fairly done. We have this week "The Modern Prometheus," a romance by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It stands by itself, and is not included in any series, but it is quite up to the average of short novels. Though it deals to some extent with the shady side of life, it is written with reserve, and presents a possible situation with a good deal of vividness. "Chronicles of an Old Fossil" is the latest contribution to "The Autonym Library," and is also readable. It may even be called amusing. The stories are of military life in India, and the first is quite up to the average of the best magazine work. The second is, perhaps, rather too long-drawn-out. But both volumes suggest the reflection that it is comparatively easy for clever people to get near the dividing-line, while it is, apparently, as difficult as ever to cross it.

"A Living Lie" is a translation of M. Paul Bourget's well-known story "Mensonges" (Chatto and Windus). It is well translated by Mr. de Villiers, and M. Paul Bourget contributes a preface in which he tries to vindicate himself against the charge of immorality. He maintains that it is not immoral to picture life as it is. The true immorality is to make readers believe that evil can be done with impunity. According to M. Bourget, Balzac might well have headed the last part of his "Splendeurs et Misères" with the prophetic admonition from the Scriptures: *The way of the ungodly shall perish*; and Flaubert could have chosen no better epigraph for the title-page of "Madame Bovary" than the Seventh Commandment. He even maintains that it would be impossible to cite an example where the general conclusions drawn by a novelist of the analytical school have ever been contrary to the eternal laws set forth in the Decalogue. M. Bourget's position is too well understood to make any literary characterisation necessary. He is not one of the greater French novelists; but he is very high in the second rank, and he maintains a story well. There are passages in this translation which suggest that, if Mr. Vizetelly had to be tried nowadays, he might reasonably count on acquittal.

"Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of His Day," by Lady Ferguson (Blackwood), is the biography of a man who did good work as a poet and an archæologist, and who drew and retained many warm friends. It is, perhaps, the very worst biography ever written. My critical experience is now not small, but with anything like this mass of confusion I have never met. Instead of telling her story straightforwardly, the biographer divides it into chapters. For example, "1862-1873. Henry Winterbotham, M.P.," "1863. An Antiquarian Tour in Brittany," "1863-1886. His Work as an Archæologist," "1864-1886. A Tour in Donegal," are the titles of some successive chapters. Every kind and variety of rubbish is dragged into the book—long pieces of doggerel, letters from all and sundry, stuff about the Ogham Inscriptions and the Euphrates Expedition, and I know not what besides. It is true that a great many interesting Irishmen are mentioned in the course of the story, but Lady Ferguson has a genius for contriving to tell nothing about them save what is known to everybody. Her book would have been quite as good and as vivid if she had never seen an Irish face or heard an Irish voice. From the beginning to the end I do not know that there is a single good story to be found in the whole; yet in one thing she succeeds. We see very clearly that Sir Samuel Ferguson was a most excellent, honest, and genial man, and that he had no small poetical endowment is shown by the admiration of his countrymen, William Allingham and W. B. Yeats.

M. Léon A. Daudet has had the audacious idea of making Shakspeare the hero of a novel. His new book, "Le Voyage de Shakspeare" (Charpentier), will afford a delightful afternoon's reading to many of Shakspeare's countrymen. On the title-page is the line, "Ainsi frissonnaient les grands arbres"—"Thus the great trees shuddered"—and the motto aptly sums up the writer's general treatment. His Shakspeare, at the age of twenty, is a cloudy Ossianic figure, who talks in a kind of strange poetical balderdash. Standing on the poop of the vessel which wafts him from Dover to Rotterdam, he breaks forth into the following soliloquy: "What am I, a feeble combination of bones, muscles, and blood, to which the sportive chance of language has attached the name of William Shakspeare?" "At this moment," he proceeds, "it is joy that is moulding me, because I am borne away on the wings of freedom. I am twenty years old. These green shores which are fading from my view are my fatherland and my home. There I have left my sweet wife and two tiny beings whose only knowledge is the cry for food." So he goes on, addressing sky and sea, and, like Schiller, prepared to embrace millions upon millions of his fellow-beings. The captain and the sailors move like common mortals round a demi-god. The captain does, indeed, venture to inquire whether the dreamy passenger is any relation to his good old gossip, Shakspeare, a corn-merchant and a famous drinker, who died mysteriously one stormy night. The poet puts him off with a murmured "Sans doute." The book is exceedingly clever and amusing, though full of incongruities. The poet has many adventures, but he retains through all his love of talking aloud, and of apostrophising the sun and stars. The absurdity of his bombastic monologues never strikes the author. He is, doubtless, well acquainted with the poet's curse on the man who moved his bones, but has no apparent dread of the more merited curse which he would certainly have invoked on the man who placed him as a puppet on the stage of modern fiction.

o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There is hope for Cuba—I mean the would-be independent Cuba—after all. A President of the Republic of Hayti has died in his bed, and his successor has been peacefully elected. The new ruler is variously reported as Tiresias or Theresias, but all agree that the rest of his name is Simon Sam. What's in a name? somewhat foolishly asked Shakspeare, and many after him. There is much, very much, in a name like Tiresias Simon Sam. There is all the colour of the owner; there is the fervid imagination of the tropics; there is hope of a dash of Anglo-Saxon blood to moderate the exuberance of the Haytian. Where could three names be found more skilfully blending classical culture with apostolic Christianity, and summing up with the very essence of modern progressive civilisation. The subject is too rich for the pale light of prose. Only verse can do justice to the new President.

Not the monarch of Siam,
Nor his neighbour in Annam—
Hayti's President I am;
I'm Tiresias Simon Sam.

Gorgeous as the rich Nizam,
Or the fabled Tartar Cham,
Yet a statesman firm as Pam—
I'm Tiresias Simon Sam!

Nansen freezing on the Fram,
Irving and his faithful Bram,
Pale before the son of Ham,
Great Tiresias Simon Sam!

Though I never cared to cram
For a classical exam.
By the Isis or the Cam,
I'm Tiresias Simon Sam!

Tell me, Sir, or gentle Ma'am,
Even in a telegram,
Is it not a name of glam-
our—Tiresias Simon Sam?

Bake for me the festive clam,
Roast the farinaceous yam,
Broach the puncheon, pour the dram
For Tiresias Simon Sam!

Bring the tender, toothsome lamb,
Bring the jelly and the jam,
With champagne that is not sham,
For Tiresias Simon Sam.

Throned on my electric tram,
For the foreign gun or ram,
I shall give a tinker's anathema—
I'm Tiresias Simon Sam!

It seems curious that the papers should have busied themselves lately with some supposed secret society at Cambridge. That University is generally notorious as the stronghold of dogged common-sense and hard science. Yet we are told that some mysterious High Church organisation of puerile rites and dark secrets is, or has been, in full swing at the home of exact reasoning. From Heriz-sy and schism we may all pray to be delivered. It is somewhat of an irony of fate that this mysterious society of amateur Jesuits should take its rise from a college generally supposed to be the stronghold of the Low Church, which has superseded Corpus in the glory of its piety. Extremes meet, however, and, just as the men who were not "pi" at Corpus were rather the reverse, so the Pembroke who are not Low may be so High as to be positively gamey. In any case, if the mysterious band is really styled the Companions of St. John, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the Apostle—we presume it is the Apostle, for a High Church organisation would hardly have a Baptist patron. Fortunately for the saints of the past, the maxim does not hold with regard to them, that a man is known by his Companions.

So the "electro-homœopath" Mattei is dead, and has left the secret of his remarkable remedies to an adopted son. Analytical science has failed, we believe, to discover, in his red, blue, and other "electricities," anything more effective than in the similarly coloured fluids that adorn the front of a chemist's window. Yet cures, fairly well vouched for, have been wrought by these medicines. Probably we have the old "faith-cure" again. The family doctor is no stranger to the curative powers of sugar or bread pills and tinted waters with those numerous patients in whom hysterical and nervous affections simulate almost any disease. It is just possible that the herbal remedies that Mattei asserted he used may have contained some organic matter too delicate for ordinary tests; but most men will continue to doubt.

And, at any rate, if Mattei was not universally considered a quack, it was not his own fault. The weirdly ignorant names given to his fluids, the cheap sciolism of his pamphlets, even the imperfections of the English into which they were translated, showed every feature by which an educated reader recognises the charlatan at a glance. It is not thus that a real man of medical science, whether mistaken or not, announces discoveries or remedies. Very possibly the late Count believed in his own concoctions—he may, like his ancestors of the Renaissance, have thought he was extracting potent quintessences when he was merely subliming away all efficiency whatever.

"The poison of the Borgias" and of other sinister rulers has shrunk greatly in historical importance. The formulas of some of the poisons used in Italian diplomacy have been recovered and used for manufacture, with the result of obtaining messes, nasty enough, but almost innocuous. Perhaps the dread of some subtle enemy acted on men's minds so that they died of the fear of the poison which was really no poison. For faith-killing is just as real as faith-curing.

MARMITON.

The Midland Railway Company's "List of Agricultural Shows for 1896" has just been issued. Copies of the Card may be had on application to the Company's principal agents, or to the headquarters of the Midland Railway at Derby.

WHAT A SEWING-MACHINE CAN DO.

The reproductions below are not, as the reader would think, from pictures, but from art work done with Singer's sewing-machine. To such a state of perfection has this notable firm brought the sewing-



machine, that one can actually detect the artist in the reproduction of the copy from that artist's work. A large picture was worked, which hangs in the offices of the company, it is at once seen to be a T. B. Hardy; so with other copies from the work of notable artists. Messrs. Singer, who



have established their offices in St. Paul's Churchyard, have pleasure in showing anyone over their luxurious show-rooms; their offices, too, are a model of organisation, and well worth a visit.

MUTANT TIME.

Soliloquising: When I was one and she was three
I often sat upon her knee;
But now her age is twenty-nine
She seems to like to sit on mine.

I smiled. She asked me as she sat,
"Whatever I was laughing at?"
"Times change," I said, "my darling Phyllis;
Mutatur atque nos in illis." G. S. LAYARD.

THE RESUMPTION OF PARLIAMENT.

There was an Administrative crisis in Easter week, of which the public has heard very little. Still, most people who follow public affairs must have suspected that something was up, when well-authenticated reports concerning reinforcements for the Cape were followed by Mr. Chamberlain's announcement to the Press ("new diplomacy" again) declaring that South Africa could look after itself. The truth is, however, that there was a direct conflict for a few days between the War Office and our masterful Secretary of State for the Colonies. The War Office has had its eye for some time past on the Cape as a station for a larger military force. Lying conveniently between England and India, the Cape certainly ought to be one of our principal military posts; and, when the Matabele rising came on the top of our difficulties with the Transvaal, the War Office authorities thought their chance had come, and they did their hardest to get the Government to despatch troops. They were so far successful that I can state definitely that the order was given. But Mr. Chamberlain put his foot down. He declared that such a step was sure to be misconstrued in the Transvaal (and in this he was surely right), and that he could not answer for the consequences if his negotiations with President Krüger were interrupted by such a step. Of course, the Cabinet yielded none the less easily because the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Minister for War, is one of Mr. Chamberlain's and the Duke of Devonshire's party. This is the true story. Whether we shall turn out to be right in keeping the Cape unduly weak in British troops (for it certainly is very much too weak) the event will show. But, so far, Mr. Chamberlain has once more proved his capacity for getting his own way.

In its present shape the Education Bill will not pass. This may seem a bold thing to say, considering that it is introduced by a Government with an overwhelming majority. But I have good reason for saying it. Sir John Gorst's speech in moving the first reading was admirable, and admirably tactful. He skated over the thin places in the most skilful manner. Moreover, the Bill is very good indeed in parts. But it is much bigger than anybody in the House had had any reason to suspect. It is, by common consent, very cleverly constructed, and it is hard to see how any Radical criticism can shake it. The new House of Commons is Conservative, and intends to support denominational education, and to back up the Voluntary schools. The country, too, may approve of a measure which simply leaves it to the parents to say what religion shall be taught to their children. The grant to the Voluntary schools is regarded by many as a mere act of justice, and also as good policy as well. Nor can any real objection be taken to the County Council's being the body to allocate the new grant of money. But, from a purely Conservative point of view, there remains a good deal in the construction of the Bill which must be altered.

The fault of the Education Bill is its over-decentralisation. At present it seems to leave the Education Department, that is, the State, practically nothing to do, and hands over to the new County Council Committees the whole right of deciding what education shall be given to the British citizen. This seems very nice to those who have an implicit faith in the County Council. But, apart altogether from the inevitable multiplication forty-fold of red-tape (which is not unknown at the central department already), these County Councillors, all over England and Wales, are not, it is argued, elected as educationalists at all, and we should really be handing over the "young idea" to a lot of political faddists. The Education Department has a good deal of work to do, no doubt; but it has learnt to do it, and it has trained up a body of experts ready to cope with the largest educational scheme which could be submitted to the nation. I predict that the Bill will be amended so as to retain the State control of the national elementary education, and that the County Councils will not be given by the Conservative majority such an unlimited power of dealing with the vital interests of the nation. Meanwhile, it may be taken as certain that the Irish Land Bill will have to make way for the inevitably long and important debates which the new Bill will involve if it is to be pushed through this Session.

The reassembling of the House of Commons after the recess began with a plunge once more into Supply. The Post Office estimates "brought up" Mr. Hanbury, Secretary of the Treasury, to defend the Department, the Postmaster-General being in the House of Lords, and no Under-Postmaster having yet been created. There was the inevitable grumble at the Duke of Norfolk having the post, Mr. John Burns alone of the Radicals excusing his appointment on the ground that the Duke had sat on the County Council, and must therefore of necessity be a good administrator. Mr. Henniker Heaton made his annual speech advocating new conveniences in the postal line, and Mr. Hanbury made his usual official answer. The popular and burly Secretary of the Treasury fell back, however, on a purely financial objection to Mr. Heaton's renewed demand for an Imperial Penny Post. It would, perhaps, involve a loss, said Mr. Hanbury, of £100,000 a-year, and that was fatal. I wonder what Mr. Chamberlain, if he had been Postmaster-General, would have made of this argument?

H.

Mr. Hector Maclean has now in the press a handbook entitled "Photography for Artists." Especially interesting are Mr. Linley Sambourne's photographs, and the line-work founded thereon. Among the several distinguished photographers whose prints are reproduced, space only permits us to mention Dr. P. H. Emerson and the late Colonel Stuart-Wortley, the latter being represented by one of the most impressive of his magnificent sunset effects.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

While travelling abroad lately I carefully noticed the cycles and cyclists in various towns. Though in almost every part of Northern America cycling is growing in popularity, in the Western States it has increased more rapidly than in the Eastern, owing, probably, to the fact that the climate of Nebraska, of Kansas, of Utah, of Colorado, and of California, for instance, is in every way so much pleasanter for cyclists and so much milder than the climate of New York or of Michigan.



HER FIRST LESSON.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

Nevertheless, in Chicago the bicycle is largely patronised by ladies as well as by the men; while in St. Louis and in Kansas City far more people ride bicycles than horses. In Denver, in Manitou, and in Colorado Springs fully one-half of the inhabitants bicycle, and the majority are expert riders. In the two last-named cities, or rather, villages, which lie about seven miles apart, many English people have settled in order to become cured of consumption, and most of these invalids are devoted to cycling—indeed, cycling is their chief occupation. Almost everywhere in the Western States the roads in and about the cities are excellent for cycling purposes, being well made and, for the most part, level.

In San Francisco the bifurcated garment predominates, though the divided skirt is also largely worn. Bright colours are likewise greatly in vogue among the fair cyclists who, upon Sundays especially, may be seen in their scores riding in Golden Gate Park. In several parts of this park a separate track for cyclists only has been laid down alongside the main road, and certainly they make excellent use of it. Among Californians, in particular, the light bicycle is largely in demand, very few machines being found that weigh over five-and-twenty pounds. Most of the men's machines weigh between nineteen and twenty-two pounds. The brake is often entirely dispensed with. I happened to ask a well-known cycle-manufacturer in San Francisco whether he could supply me with non-slipping tyres. "My, no," he replied drily; "we were through with *them* long ago. I guess they're quite gone out over here by this time, anyway." America is certainly a go-ahead country, but, though Californians may be "through" with the non-slipping tyre, they have not yet found its equal.

While visiting the Stanford University at Palo Alto, about seventy miles from San Francisco, I noticed some three or four hundred ladies' bicycles standing in rows near one of the colleges. It seems that, out of a thousand students or so, close upon nine hundred ride wheels. So much for the "cycling craze" in America.

Even in the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, even in Japan, even in China, the bicycle is becoming more and more popular, but south of Hong-Kong its popularity does not appear to have spread, partly owing, no doubt, to the extreme heat. I may mention that in almost every country that I have lately visited bicycles cost less than they cost in England. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether any wheels of foreign manufacture can excel those made in the Old Country.

It certainly seems very incongruous to hear of a lady riding through the streets of Cairo in August, on her cycle, in Bloomer costume; but an officer told me of one the other night at a smart little dinner in Cadogan Place. He had gone to Cairo for a week on leave, and, to his surprise, he saw this neat little French figure—for French she was—coming towards him, and she looked very cool, holding up her white sunshade. Immediately opposite me sat pretty Mrs. Bingham, who told us how she had ridden her bicycle through the Riviera.

I saw the well-known figure of Mrs. Amcotts Wilson alight last week from the train at a small station near Skipton. She had on a very smart dark-blue coat and short skirt, and looked very fascinating, with her bright golden hair gathered into a knot behind, under her sailor hat of coarse white straw. A porter followed with her exceedingly neat-looking bicycle, and a party of friends met her at the station.

The strains of a lovely cycling waltz, by Miss Florence Fare, have just sounded in my ears. It is full of melody. The first and last movements struck me as being particularly graceful, and made one long for a good waltz. No doubt it will soon become popular in many a ball-room, and we shall be able to congratulate the composer on her success.

The weather has not been at all propitious for the large parties of cyclists which generally pass through the picturesque village of Clapham, in the North Country, the Friday and Saturday before Easter, on their way to Windermere and the Lakes for their holidays, returning on the Monday and Tuesday by the same route. There are pleasure parties, and also numbers of clerks and artisans from Bradford, Leeds, and many of the manufacturing towns. Sometimes they sleep at the New Inn on their way, and often call for lunch or refreshment. This inn is one of the cycling club hotels in the North, and the landlady told me they have had as many as one thousand bicycles pass through, while this Easter they have seen only about a dozen or two; in some cases the riders had newspapers pinned to their backs—*improvised mud-guards*.

Everyone has heard how the Shahzada, the son of the Amcer, took back a bicycle to Afghanistan, and what excitement it caused in the harem, as all the ladies wished to learn the latest European "craze." The question naturally arises, *Who* is to teach these Eastern ladies? Is there not an opening for some enterprising Englishwoman, who might go out, not as a missionary, but as a professor of cycling, and give



THE TRIALS OF THE CYCLIST.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

lessons where no male teacher would be admitted? She might also act as special correspondent for *The Sketch*, and send weekly notes of "Society on Wheels" in the "Far East."

The Trafalgar Club, of South Kensington, announce a novel race for ladies on May 16. Prizes are to be offered for the rider's general neat appearance and command over her machine. Speed will not be taken into account in this competition. The club secretary, at Catherine Lodge, or Miss Kate Dixey, 552, Oxford Street, W., should be applied to by would-be competitors.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The accompanying portrait is of Mr. H. W. Moffatt, a member of the London Caledonian Football Club. Two years ago this young gentleman was practically unknown, so that his immense popularity redounds all the more to his credit. It is very striking



MR. H. W. MOFFATT.

how quickly names are made in the Association game of football. One need look no further than to Mr. L. V. Lodge, the international back, who before he went up to Cambridge in 1890 had never taken part in the game.

Mr. Moffatt is the left half-back of the team, and occasionally assists at back. In either position he is well worth his place. If his play is not marked by a striking amount of subtlety and finesse, he is, all the same, a terribly awkward customer for a forward to pass, being both sturdy and plucky. He was born in Glasgow on June 3, 1876, so that, as will be seen, he has plenty of time to enlarge the halo round his head. Moffatt stands 5 ft. 9½ in., and weighs 11 st. 8 lb., and first began playing at the early age of thirteen, the Holmhead being the only Scottish club he ever assisted.

One by one the final events of the season are being ticked

off. At times one stops to regret the continuation of essentially a winter game into the advanced days of a joyous spring. The public, however, on the whole, does not seem to mind, as was exemplified at Parkhead the other day, when something like sixty thousand spectators assembled to see Scotland win the Association International Championship by beating England by two goals to one.

It is so many years since Scotland last overthrew the Saxon, that people north of the Border may be generously excused their wild outbursts of delight. All the same, it should not be overlooked that the "uncertainty" of football entered more largely into this important game than in most matches. England were playing away from home, their best eleven had not been selected, and, as a matter of fact, even then the side had at the last moment to be seriously rearranged, as the result of the unfortunate illness of Stephen Bloomer, the brilliant young Derby County forward. Even as the game was played, England were palpably unlucky to lose, though, paradoxical as it may appear, Scotland were not lucky to win. If it were not for these "peculiarities," football wouldn't be half such a fascinating game.

CRICKET.

The retirement of Maurice Read from the Surrey County Cricket Eleven has begotten some pretty eulogies both on this player and the club which he served so well. I have my own opinion as to the "generosity" of the Surrey Club to good old Maurice, and it might open some eyes if I explained that it is probably this "generosity" which compelled Maurice to look about for a fresh berth. As I say, I could indulge in a good many reflections more or less pleasant; but, as no very useful purpose would be served, I will say, with the artistic "Alec Hurley," "I ain't a-goin' to tell!"

I do not know of any cricket professional, past or present, more popular with the people, and deservedly so (which is not always the same thing), as Maurice Read—John Maurice Read, for short. Here we have the ideal stamp of professional, a professional who is first a sportsman. Let anybody mix with the Surrey crowd, and he will hear nothing but praise for this famous old player. There was never anything of the "autoerat" about Read; but, on the other hand, his geniality never led him into those golden abysses which have entrapped many a promising player.

Unquestionably, much of Maurice's popularity was due to his dashing style of play. The public love a hitter more than anything else. They will calmly, gravely clap the scientific batsman, deeming it the duty they owe to their conscience, but they simply go into hysterics of delight when they see a batsman laying about him without fear, or even without judgment—so long as he scores!

But, although what may euphemistically be termed a "slogger," Maurice never failed in those "touches" which showed the "scientist" behind it all. He knew where to draw the line. Indeed, I have an idea that his occasional failures during the past season or two were due to an acquired cautiousness which did not harmonise with his natural bent. Still, he so far recovered himself last season as to come out fourth in his county's batting averages, with the splendid figures 31·25.

Well, I, for one, shall miss this dear old landmark at the Oval. But I suppose the world will go on just the same. At times I feel quite angry at the up-to-dateism of the age.

ROWING.

Henley Regatta this season promises to be more than usually interesting. There is nothing to equal an international flavour for promoting excitement. As I announced many weeks ago, Yale College will be represented here by an eight, a Canadian gentleman will row in the Diamonds, while Holland will be represented by the euphoniously named *Verbonden Nederlandsch Roeivereniging*. I am informed that the privileges in regard to entries accorded to Germany and France will be extended to the Associated Rowing Clubs of the Netherlands.

That the Regatta will suffer nothing in the way of management is assured by the list of names comprising the committee, which are the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, Mr. W. D. Mackenzie, Lord Amptill, Mr. W. Russell-Griffiths, Mr. H. T. Steward, Mr. F. Willan, Mr. J. Page, Mr. D. H. McLean, Mr. J. H. D. Goldie, Mr. J. A. Drake-Smith, Mr. A. Brakspear, and Mr. F. Fenner. What we also want to be assured is fine weather. Can anything be more sinful than a *damp* Henley?

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

John Watts is a capital jockey; nothing unnerves him, and he is not easily drawn. Indeed, I once commissioned a gentleman who had been "lobbying" for years, and was a well-known *littérateur*, to interview Watts, but the scheme failed entirely, as the jockey would only answer "Yes" or "No," and to really leading questions would give no definite reply. I believe, however, that Watts is very anxious about getting Persimmon home in the Derby, as he knows what an ovation awaits owner, horse, trainer, and jockey in the case of the good thing coming off. I have never seen Watts really smile after having landed a big winner, but I predict that he would if Persimmon got home first at Epsom.

There are very few meetings on Whit-Monday, Hurst Park, Redcar, and Dunstall Park being the principal ones. Londoners will, I expect, patronise the Hurst Park fixture in their thousands, and I hope on this occasion some supervision will be kept over the boat traffic from Hampton, to prevent accidents. By-the-bye, there has never yet been a race run over the straight mile at Hurst Park. Why is this? Can it be that the track is a bit short? The course, as I have stated many times before, is one of the best in England, and it is ably managed, but the railway accommodation is not quite so good here as elsewhere, especially on Bank Holidays. If the South-Western people would connect the Paddock with their main line just below Surbiton, they would be able to regulate both classes of holiday traffic without let or hindrance.

If Clorane runs at Kempton for the Jubilee he will have a big following, and there is no reason why he should fail where Bendigo and Mustang succeeded. I certainly think Clorane will beat Victor Wild, wherever they finish. But the great tip for the race is Americus, who has lately won a good trial. The horse is not over-weighted, and I certainly think his chance a good one. Whittier, trained by Waugh, is being well supported, and Mr. Russell's colt ought to make a big show; but, if the trial of Americus is right, the Yankees have a chance of scoring, and, from what I hear, the bookmakers will feel it if they do.

Amateur touts are busily engaged at Newmarket this week trying to discover the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby. The Prince of Wales often patronises the Heath before breakfast when at Newmarket; but the most persistent follower of the morning work is the Lord Chief Justice, who, by-the-bye, knows a good horse when he sees him, although he once just missed buying Bendigo for something under two hundred pounds. Sir Henry Hawkins is often seen out at Newmarket before breakfast, always on foot. Sir Arthur Sullivan, too, enjoys a canter on the Heath before breakfast. Of the well-known owners, Lord Durham, Prince Soltykoff, and the Earl of Rosebery are fond of witnessing the early work of the thoroughbreds.

The Epsom Spring Meeting should prove a big draw, as the programme to be discussed is a very strong one, and the majority of owners like to see their colours carried there. For the Great Metropolitan I can see nothing to beat Paris III. I expect Lord William Beresford, who will have a party at Epsom, will let the horse win. The City and Suburban may give us a good race, after all, although the market is very limited on the race. Funny Boat has won a trial for this race, and Red Heart is being backed by Colonel North and his friends. Montank may run well, but if Indian Queen goes to the post, she will very nearly win, though the stable may rely on Saint Noel.

As is well known—at least, to owners of racehorses—seven pounds per annum has to be paid to the Jockey Club for every horse trained at Newmarket, and now I find that at Epsom four pounds per year per horse is charged for the use of the training gallops. This is rather a big charge, and it is little matter for wonder that running racehorses nowadays is a luxury only indulged in by millionaires. The charges referred to would give to the uninitiated the impression that running horses was an offence only to be met by a heavy fine. I am not surprised to see several trainers patronising quiet nooks in the South-West of England, where taxes are unknown.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

People flew out of town never more gladly than this past Easter, seeing that London weather had reached that acute stage of unpleasantness when merely to get out or away from it seemed not only negatively attractive, but absolutely necessary. Being personally of opinion that Paris is always worth going to, even for one day, I established myself there for five, as a much pleasanter way of filling that time than the windswept hospitalities of a Highland country house could possibly be. There, then, was the accomplishment of spring—in the Allées of the Bois, where acacias budded boldly, on the heads of dames and damoisels, where *voyant* colours proclaimed themselves, and trailing plumes of *Paradis* waved in spring sunshine. How long is it, by the way, since this same small Bird of Paradise was required to press his tail-feathers into the service of fashion? Certainly somewhere earlier in the century, for Thackeray ran a tilt at them, and would consign their "nodding absurdities" both in speech and story to a certain place the reverse of that to which fable first assigned them.

Seemingly, the Bird of Paradise has, however, once more come to stay on our hats for at least a season. All the smart milliners in Paris affect his gorgeous plumes plentifully, while it is only in quite the best London shops they are yet to be met with. These illustrations, for example, all hail from models at Jay's, where one may see hats and bonnets not one whit less excellent in style than the best over there in Paris, which is, after all, the fountain-head of such creative genius—and that is giving praise which many milliners assume, but few deserve.

To continue the process of educating native taste up to the *Paradis* plume, I have chosen two hats in different styles, but both of the latest fashion in which they appear. One, a large size, for Park or visiting, is in the new straw called "bird's-nest," closely resembling one in its texture. The colour is white, with bands of black velvet on the brim. *Choux* of white tulle appear at both sides, as do also Bird of Paradise plumes in vivid green. A *cache-peigne* of cerise poppies, violet velvet, and pale mauve roses completes this undeniably smart and becoming specimen of headgear. The accompanying toque requires few words to sum it up, being entirely of one shade—wine-colour describes it best—satin straw, arranged in a wavy form, with two Paradise tails placed at each side, after the manner of our grandmothers' riding-hats. A pretty little bonnet, also seen at Jay's, and here reproduced, was of cerise straw, with wide bow and strings of tulle, two black tail-feathers being held in place by a cut-jet buckle in front.

Turning from vanity to *vertu*, I wonder how many "English in Paris" ever think of visiting the Hôtel Drouot, the French Christie's, it might be called, where are weekly sold by auction curious relics of bygone art, which too infrequently find their way to this side of the Channel. Americans, with classic "cuteness,"

know far more about this artistic exchange than we, and are often to be seen there shoulder to shoulder with representatives of native noble families eager for possession of a historic vase or pedigreed suit of armour. I was hastily dragged into the place some days since by an ardent chinamaniac who cheerfully bid up to sixteen thousand francs for two little rose-coloured vases, and then tore his hair in contrition for having allowed them to go finally to a bloated Wall Street autocrat. The tapestries brought up from old provincial châteaux that are occasionally to be met with here would make the mouth of a connoisseur water with longing, and furniture of one Louis or another often goes almost for the traditional song. I have at the moment a sixteenth-century hunting-scene in my possession which at one time came from the royal works at Fontainebleau. It was picked up for something under three hundred francs, but I would not willingly exchange it for six months of my life.

Returning to our normal *moutons* of the moment, I am forced to notice how artistically accurate the fashion-makers of this year are in reproducing modes of certain periods. The Autoinette cape had several delightful exponents in each important Paris *atelier*, but at Jay's I saw one which struck me as the most picturesque it is possible to describe—its material, a Louis Quinze pink and white chiné silk, with bouquets and

black stripes, made in the fichu style which obtained at the end of last century. A silk frill, edged with black velvet, and cascades of old-ivory lace in front, completed a simple but most becoming reproduction of 1790. Another cape, but quite up to date in point of form, is here reproduced, and it is worthy of Jay's reputation for unique and exquisite things. The shot gold and grey foundation, made very full and rather short, is surmounted with an accordion frill of white silk blonde lace, under a similar pleating of black lace. A very high collar is, according to the present mode, wired to keep it in its erect position. Set off by lace revers in front, this handsome cape is finished with a large paste buckle at the back.

One other cape I must add to this roll-call of alluring garments. It was made of pleated black silk, very wide and full, under a smaller cape, shaped sailor-collar fashion, of silk, embroidered with cream guipure trimmed with sequins. An immensely high collar added to its unquestionable *chic*. It was, in fact, an ideal smart spring garment.

The tailor-made element I noticed a good deal in evidence among *mondaines* over Seine, for even such monarchs of the mode as Doucet have not disdained to fall in with a fashion first introduced by Redfern, and since taken up with avidity by Parisiennes, who, with inborn adaptability, look as graceful in tweed as their original chiffons. How luxuriously these great costumiers provide for their customers' comfort. Doucet's new rooms for tailor frocks are decorated

in the true Louis XVI. style—white wood and pink velvet making the background for finely carved mahogany furniture à l'Anglais, while Redfern, not to be behind, has just added a new green and walnut gallery in



which to exhibit his creations. Can one feel otherwise than wooed to extravagance in such surroundings? Besides, dressing well does so add to the joy of living, and that all-round man of the world, Whyte Melville, knew what his sex thought in laying down the unanswerable argument that "beauty unadorned is never so beautiful as beauty with a first-rate dress-maker." Shot gros-grain mohair is one of the materials which will find equal favour with chiné silks this season. I have seen a mohair frock, just made for Queen Amelie of Portugal, shot in two blues, lined and trimmed with pale-green taffetas. It was most charming. One of écaru, shot with white, for some other illustrious dame, showed the revived crewel embroideries of small flowers in natural colours on the lapels of its jaunty little jacket. Collars infinitely higher than we allow ourselves to wear at home are the rule in Paris. But I have doubts as to their attractiveness, and with one touch of really warm weather they would, of course, be instantly and inevitably discarded. Once more, too, was I entirely subjugated by the display of smart petticoats to be seen not alone in the shop-windows, but in the Bois, at the Palais de Glace, in the streets, wherever, in fact, an excuse offers for holding up a dainty skirt to disclose something miraculous in silk and lace flounces underneath. When we at home have quite mastered detail as a Frenchwoman understands it, we shall then well deserve our already growing reputation as a well-dressed nation.—SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

From the splendour of attire which fell to her lot in the "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," of Drury Lane, Miss Fanny Brough, as "The Mother of Three," at the Comedy, has been reduced to one severely simple tailor-made gown, and—it must be acknowledged—two suits of male attire! When in her proper character as Mrs. Murgatroyd, she has a smartly cut gown



MISS KATE RORKE AS ST. HULDA.

[Copyright.]

of grey tweed, the coat opening over a stiff white shirt, finished with a natty little red tie; but when she essays to take the place of the absent professor, a grey wig—the hair upstanding with horror, presumably at her action—grey check trousers, and a black coat are donned, a long Indian-red dressing-gown lending its kindly protection in the first act, though even this fails the poor woman afterwards.

As to the triplets, Miss Esmé Beringer looks charming in a pale-blue cotton dress, narrowly striped with white, and having a yoke and cuffs of lace, and a satin collar and waistband, Miss Audrey Ford following suit with pale yellow, and Miss Lily Johnson with pink.

In the second act, Cassiopeia (Miss Esmé Beringer) has borrowed her mother's black velvet evening-dress, the sleeves leaving the pretty shoulders quite bare, save for a narrow strap of velvet, and the bodice being provided with a vest of mellow-tinted lace, her sisters being

respectively gowned in pale-green and delicate mauve satin, with lace berthes and elbow frills.

But then, to make up for this enforced simplicity of attire, there is Miss Rose Leclercq—gowned, as always, by the Maison Jay—a stately figure in an evening-dress of the richest Lyons velvet in a deeply beautiful shade of petunia, the slightly trained skirt quite plain, but the bodice arranged with some lovely old lace, caught here and there with rosettes of velvet. Her cloak is a superb garment of ivory-white satin, with an embossed design in velvet of delicate pink roses and tender mauve wistaria, arranged in long trails, while an added touch of richness is given by a great collar and revers of sable, the whole effect being superb.

And then we take a leap backwards, from up-to-date farce to tragic romance in the fifteenth century, as shown at the Shaftesbury in "The Sin of St. Hulda." There are two beautiful costumes, worn respectively by Miss Helena Dacre and Miss Emily Sheridan in the boisterous revelry of the first act, one in exquisite yellow brocade bordered with fur, and opening over a petticoat of green velvet, while the green sleeves are slashed with velvet; and the other in tender green and dull gold brocade, with sleeves of peach-blossom velvet slashed with white satin, and a petticoat of this latter fabric, the over-dress being looped up with tasselled golden cords.

As to St. Hulda herself—otherwise Miss Kate Rorke—she is all robed in purest white when first we catch sight of her, the round, open window of the loft giving a glimpse of bluest sky as a background to the rapt, beautiful face which keeps the bold Baron Heinrich silent; but in the second act, where, in her own room, she receives the birthday offerings of the children, she wears a dress which is a poem in colour. Made of some woollen stuff in the softest shade of greyish blue, the waist is encircled by a leather girdle, with its attendant pocket, while the bodice has a chemisette of white lawn finely gathered and worked with a trellis-like design in gold, the division between the fabrics being outlined by a narrow band of cloth in the green of the forget-me-not leaves, with an embroidered design in white, the sleeves, too, having slashings of white at shoulder and elbow, and a tiny ruffling of lawn at the wrist. There is a little coif of grey-blue velvet on her shining hair, and altogether St. Hulda makes a lovely picture.

After the sombre brown of her battle-array she comes back to her white robes of the first act—in them she receives the lily crown and sceptre, which she is not worthy to hold, and in them she dies.

FLORENCE.

"THE MOTHER OF THREE," AT THE COMEDY.

"The Mother of Three" was one of the greatest disappointments in my career. The opening was charming; only a woman could have written such a scene, and a witty, observant woman too, with a nice sense of the meaning of farce. Matters went on well. There was something truly funny in the troubles of Mrs. Murgatroyd over the triplets. The humour at times was, perhaps, a trifle common—certainly it quite reached the bounds permitted by good taste; but it was humour, and even the sternest had to laugh at the matrimonial troubles of the three girls. So lively was everything that one forgot to wonder what the intrigue would be, and it was not till Miss Fanny Brough appeared in trousers that the awakening came. Is the rest of the play merely to be a "Charley's Aunt" with sexes reversed? was the question I asked myself, and, if so, has Miss Clo Graves the constructive skill to build up a plot on the well-worn theme of the troubles of a human being disguised in the clothes of the other sex?

Almost my worst forebodings were realised. The rest of the play chiefly consisted of Miss Fanny Brough's struggle with her disguise. Unfortunately, also, Miss Graves, in an unconscientious striving after cheap effects, destroyed the character of Mrs. Murgatroyd. She had been a vigorous, resourceful, plucky woman, with more strength of character than "Charley's Aunt" or "Miss Brown"; yet, after the audacity of donning trousers, she behaved like a nerveless idiot, and "gave herself away" every minute. The true humour that might have come from a brilliant piece of deception by the daring, devoted mother, was thrown away in favour of the most obvious and commonplace. Luckily, from time to time the three daughters were left alone with the mother, and then Miss Graves showed her cleverness again, and the play became really funny. I fear that my disappointment has caused me to suggest that the second half of the piece was duller than it really is, and hasten to say that, had not the first act set so high a standard, the rest would have been fairly amusing to me, as well as extremely funny now and then. As it was, there was plenty of laughter in the house till the end.

Miss Fanny Brough had, as Mrs. Murgatroyd, what seemed a fat part; but really I think she was much embarrassed by the weakness of some scenes. Like the play, she began brilliantly, and grew weaker. All expected something noteworthy from Mr. Felix Morris, so remarkably clever in "On 'Change"; and, in a sense, his work was very ingenious as a character-study of the astronomist, yet the play demanded a more energetic and commonplace rendering of the part. I fell hopelessly in love with the charming Misses Murgatroyd; with the rashness of Paris—alas! unrewarded—I venture to offer the apple to Miss Esmé Beringer, the cleverest of them; and I think that Miss Audrey Ford came next, and then Miss Lily Johnson. Miss Annie Goward made the "hit" of the evening by her remarkably clever work as the servant; it reminded me of her acting in "Our Flat," which, I think, has never been surpassed. Mr. Cyril Maude gave an ingenious touch of comedy to his funny study of the farcical soldier.

MONOCLE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 27.

THE GRAND TRUNK POSITION.

Grand Trunks no longer occupy their old position as a speculative favourite, but the public is so heavily interested in the various securities of the road that the result of the new Board's management is being awaited with great anxiety, for it is a case of a race against bankruptcy. When Sir Henry Tyler and his Board were driven out eleven months ago, the road had almost reached the point of falling into receivership, and even yet it is doubtful whether Sir Rivers Wilson, the new President, will be able to stave off that undesirable consummation.

To see how heavy is the task set before the new directors, it is only necessary to glance at the deficit the past two years have piled up. At the close of 1894 the shortage in net revenue was £97,473, while at the close of last year the debit balance had grown to as much as £224,707. This is an awkward burden to carry as a handicap from the start of a new era, and it will require all the skill that characterised Sir Rivers Wilson as Comptroller of the National Debt to pull the system back to a basis of thorough solvency. Fortunately, he seems to be setting about it in a satisfactory manner, for already the administration has been reorganised to the extent of a new General Manager, Mr. Hays being appointed in Canada, while the control of the Chicago section has been centralised in Montreal, and the engineering staff has been simplified, and rendered far more economical. All these are desirable changes, and it is still more encouraging to find that attempts are no longer being made to hoodwink the shareholders. The accounts used to be so framed as to conceal many things the proprietors ought to know; but this defect has now been remedied, and the apparent heaviness of the expenditure last year was explained by the President at the meeting last week to have been due to the rectification of a book-keeping trick played by the old management, which had disguised the fact of an item of £25,500 having been drawn in 1894 from the "renewal fund."

We are glad to find that Mr. Hays, the new General Manager, is so well spoken of by those who know him, and he has certainly begun well; but we fear it is beyond the strength of any man to make the Grand Trunk pay, borne down as it is by the losses on its subsidiary lines, unless a very marked change for the better take place in the conditions of trade. The Joint Traffic Association is trying to maintain rates, but, as the Canadian Pacific has not joined, the success of the effort is very dubious.

HOME RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

Everything is combining to make this a good half-year for our Home Railways. The extreme mildness of the winter has produced a double effect on the figures, because the comparison is against an exceptionally severe winter last time. Then there came the extra day in February because of leap-year, which is worth about £200,000 gross to the railways of the United Kingdom; and now we have had a beautiful Easter—almost if not quite as good as the Easter of 1895. All the time trade has been steadily and strongly improving, so that in every way Railway shareholders are having a good time. Taking the quarter first, we find that the gross traffic-increase on fifteen of our leading roads is no less than £1,076,100; to which substantial gain the most important contributors are the North-Eastern, with an increase of £193,880, the North-Western with £165,890, the Great Western with £163,230, and the Midland with £110,635, the South-Western with £72,000, the Great Northern and Great Eastern with £62,000. A particularly satisfactory feature is that the traffic-gain is spread pretty equally between passengers and goods, an evidence of increased prosperity all round, and not of a mere temporary hurrying forward of merchandise. In the case of the North-Eastern, the percentage of improvement is 12.7 per cent., while the South-Eastern has gained 11.8, the Brighton 10.7, the South-Western 10.2, and so on. This is a very important ratio of gain, and one that speaks volumes for the turn that has come in respect of trade. So much for the first quarter of the year; and the next point is the first portion of the Easter traffic, which immediately followed the close of the quarter. As Easter fell later in 1895, the traffic returns for the Good Friday week this time must not be judged by the way in which they compare with the normal week in last year. Taking, however, the Good Friday week in 1895, and setting the figures side by side, we find that, even with an earlier Easter, big gains are shown this time. The North-Eastern has earned £9062 more, the North-Western £6578, the South-Eastern £4153, the Great Western £3750, the Brighton and the South-Western £3000, and so on. Thus the railways have not only held their own at this important holiday-time, but have secured a very pleasant surplusage. In view of the good showing that is bound to be made by the half-yearly reports to the end of June, unless another disastrous strike break out or winter suddenly develop in the beginning of summer, the rise in Home Railway prices can be readily understood; indeed, we are rather surprised that it is not awakening a more lively speculative interest.

THE PROGRESS OF TRADE.

The March trade returns complete the record for the first quarter of the year. They are encouraging enough, though not quite so much so as those of the preceding two months. Still, there was a substantial advance in exports, and a very fair one in imports. We appear to be

holding our own well in the foreign markets of the world. The revival of business has spread to the Far East, to many of the South and Central American States, and, with the exception of Italy and Turkey, to Continental Europe, and these countries take more of our goods. Railway construction in India and in many parts of South America caused an increased demand for railroad iron, &c. South Africa is growing in importance as a market for British wares, and the marked increase in the Australian purchases is a very encouraging feature. Even the Lancashire cotton-spinners must find some consolation in the fact that the Indian demand for cotton piece goods became decidedly more active last month. The only discouraging feature is that American purchases of some classes of goods exhibit a decline; but, taken altogether, the trade results for the past quarter must be regarded as very satisfactory. An increase of no less than 16 per cent. in exports, and one of over 11 per cent. in imports, are as much as the most sanguine could well expect. The trade revival has now lasted nine months, and, fortunately, there are as yet no indications that it is drawing to an end.

SIMMER AND JACK PROPRIETARY.

In our issue of April 1 we said we hoped to publish a series of interesting communications from Johannesburg upon some of the leading Witwatersrand dividend-paying mines, and we are glad to be able to present to our readers the first of our correspondent's letters. Coming as they do from the spot, and being written by an expert, our readers may rely on the information, which cannot fail to be of great interest:—

Some time before the close of the present year the Simmer and Jack Proprietary will rank as the biggest gold-producing mine in the world. The premier position will be at once attained when the new 280-stamp battery begins to crush, probably in November; and, with the cyanide and other equipment on a correspondingly large scale, there should be no difficulty in the company beating all rivals for a long time to come. Its output will average 18,000 oz. of gold per month, or 216,000 oz. per annum. A further increase of stamping-power to 500 stamps is one of the possibilities of the not remote future, and, in this event, making allowance for a lower grade of ore being treated, the monthly output would probably be close upon 30,000 oz. of gold.

Until nearly two years ago the Simmer and Jack was an out-crop mine of moderate dimensions, as things are now reckoned on the Rand, running 100 stamps and paying regular quarterly dividends of 10 per cent. About the middle of 1894 its destiny began to be shaped by the Consolidated Goldfields, and, under the guidance of this powerful corporation, the Simmer and Jack has since then been in a state of transition, from which it is shortly to emerge. In the first place, the property was enormously enlarged, by the acquisition of "dip" claims, to a size altogether too vast to be dealt with economically as one mining proposition, and, before the end of last year, the company was again, and for what is believed to be the last time, thrown into the melting-pot. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to come to terms with adjoining companies, and form something like rational subdivisions for the most profitable working of the Simmer's enormous claim area.

The company's total holding of 1189 claims was broken up as follows: a compact central block of 609 claims was retained by the Simmer and Jack Proprietary, this forming the parent mine; 183 claims were ceded to the Simmer and Jack East; 175 to the Simmer and Jack West; 207 to the Rand Victoria, and 15 to the Rose Deep. Taking the average of about thirty thousand tons of ore per claim, the Proprietary Mine, of 609 claims, ought to contain about eighteen million tons of ore, the gold contents of which may be safely calculated at considerably over forty millions sterling.

The profits for last financial year were at the rate of about twelve shillings per ton crushed, but, since then, the company has commenced treating its tailings on its own account, and by this means the rate of profits will be appreciably augmented, recent months, when the conditions were normal, showing profits of £11,000 and £12,000, compared with an average of £6000 for last fiscal year. As regards the life of the mine, Mr. Hays Hammond, the consulting engineer, on a



MR. GEORGE FARRAR.

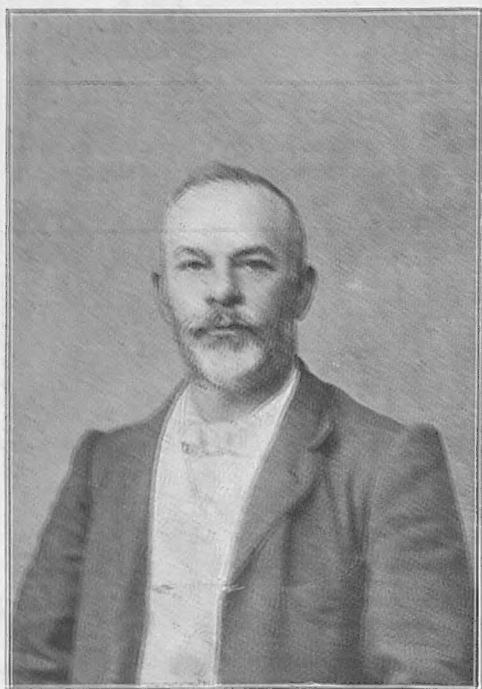
Photo by Dufus Brothers, Johannesburg.

safe estimate, puts the probable duration at thirty years, on a basis of 280 stamps.

The subsidiaries known as the Simmer and Jack East and West are also large mines, of 458 and 250 claims respectively, and each will eventually operate 200 stamps, when development work has been sufficiently well advanced. The Rand Victoria is a much bigger mine than any of those named, consisting of 955 claims, and carrying the reef at a greater depth. In respect of the claims ceded, the Simmer and Jack Proprietary has a large share-holding in the various companies. Messrs. George Farrar (whose portrait we give) and E. Brayshaw can claim the unique honour of being the sole representatives of the Company's first Board of Directors who continue to direct the fortunes of what is shortly to be the biggest gold-producing mine in the world. Mr. Farrar has been closely identified with numerous successful mining ventures from the early days of the Rand. He is one of the more notable of the "Reform prisoners."

CROWN REEF.

The Crown Reef is a good example of the gradually increasing and now fairly numerous class of mines on the Witwatersrand which have passed through the experimental or transition stage incidental to the starting of a new industry under complex and, to some extent, novel conditions,



MR. W. H. ROGERS,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CROWN REEF COMPANY.
Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

and have entered upon what promises to be an uninterrupted career of prosperity, only to terminate when the last ton of ore has been pulverised.

So much we can safely predicate of the average dividend-paying mine on the Rand, owing to the practically faultless regularity of the banked beds and the evenness with which the gold is distributed. In only one direction is it possible to conceive of any important departure from existing circumstances, and that is in the improvement of the processes of reduction, whereby costs would be lowered and the gold recovered would approximate to the ideal 100 per cent. instead of an average of about 80 per cent., as at present.

At the Crown Reef, for example, the total recovery last year amounted to 81.264 per cent., and that with an equipment as fine as any on the field. How to recover this lost gold, 20 per cent. off the contents of the ore on an average, is a problem which has been engaging mining men. The greater portion of this passes away in what are termed "slimes," quantities of which are stored at every mine on the Rand awaiting successful treatment. At the Robinson Mine a slimes plant has just been started, and is giving payable results; while at the Crown Reef the treatment of slimes is also about to be attempted. If by some such means the recovery of the precious metal can be raised to even 90 or 95 per cent. at a moderately increased outlay, then the Crown Reef has still brighter dividend possibilities for its shareholders.

The company operates a 120-stamp battery, which last year crushed 200,000 tons of ore, yielding a net profit of £96,900. Of late, monthly profits have averaged about £15,000, and this rate will probably be maintained. The company has the very moderate capital of £120,000; it has returned over £300,000 in dividends to its shareholders, besides defraying practically the whole of the costly new equipment out of profits; and in the eight years of its history the total revenue has been about a million and three-quarters sterling. Mr. W. H. Rogers, the chairman of the company, was at one time Mayor of Kimberley, and is a prominent citizen of Johannesburg. Mr. E. Birkmuth, another member of the Board, represents the interest of the Consolidated Goldfields.

The INCANDESCENT FINE-MANTLE AND GLOWE COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed with a capital of £125,000 to acquire and work the patents of the invention which bears its name, and which is very concisely described in one paragraph of the prospectus: "What the incandescent gas-light is to an ordinary gas-burner a fine mantle with the incandescent fine-mantle is to any ordinary fire, the advantages of the patent 'mantle' when applied to any ordinary gas being exactly similar to those of the 'mantle' fixed on a gas-burner." Assuming the exactness of this description, we should think there must be an enormous future for the company, for everyone knows of the colossal success of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, and there should be nearly, if not quite, as large a field for the operations of this company.

Saturday, April 13, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. The delay in answering Correspondence is explained by the absence of all "City Notes" last week.

H. W. L.—We wrote to you, and trust our letter gave you the information you required.

A. H.—We shall be pleased to hear if you got a satisfactory settlement.

A. A.—(1) We see no reason why you should sell Lancaster Bank shares. The changes seem to us perfectly clear and straightforward; and, instead of being liable to the uttermost farthing in case of a smash, as were the poor shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank, you know exactly the largest amount which, under any circumstances, you could be called on to pay. All banks depend on sound management, and we know nothing of the business or standing of this one, which is purely local. The change in the character of the institution is likely to increase the value of the shares. (2) We cannot too strongly urge you to have no dealings with these people. We have made inquiries in America, with very unsatisfactory results. If you want the papers back, send stamped and directed envelope.

F. M.—(1) City of Brussels and City of Antwerp bonds, with six drawings a-year, and paying 2½ per cent., and Panama Canal bonds are all right for your purpose. (2) We suggest City of Wellington Waterworks, or City of Auckland 1930 bonds, or Imperial Continental Gas stock, or Industrial Trust Unified stock, all very fair investments, and the third, in our opinion, exactly suited to you, yielding about 5 per cent. (3) Any broker with whom you deal will gladly send you list, or you could purchase an official Stock Exchange list once each month.

ORKNEY.—We have no opinion of the paper you name, and should avoid its tips. We advise you not to purchase the shares.

R. S.—Our opinion is not favourable. A good trade was and is being done, we believe, but the "loading" was heavy—very heavy.

MAX.—The printed matter you send us is produced by or under the inspiration of a well-known—perhaps too well-known—solicitor called Edward Beale. Our advice to you is not to touch the shares or believe a word of the chairman's statement.

J. R.—(1) This concern was over-capitalised to an awful extent. We should not like the investment. (2) For an investment paying such high interest these shares are very fair—indeed, among the best American Breweries. (3) We never profess to know what Allsopp ordinaries are going to do, but should hold if we had got in at your price. (4) Yes, we think so. Try Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Mount Margaret, and West Australian Goldfields shares.

CUSTIC.—(1) See our "Notes" of April 1 for our very strong opinion about these shares. (2) Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.

J. M.—You talk as if the question of the rise or fall of shares were an exact science. How can we tell the reason of a thing not advancing in price except that there are not enough people wanting to buy to lift the market? With copper at its present price, a huge capital, and an earning power of about £40,000, we see nothing to make the shares worth more than you gave. The whole question turns on the price of copper, and, if you think that metal will rise in price, hold your shares.

W. H. READER.—We hardly know how to answer your questions. We thought Armstrong guns, armour-plates, ships of war, and suchlike things, were known to every person. The company carries on business at Elswick, the capital is £3,000,000, the £1 shares are about 2½, and are quoted on the London Stock Exchange. The firm's principal customers are the Governments of every civilised and many uncivilised countries.

TAM.—We think Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 are first-class, the others good second-class. The worst of many American bonds is the fact that the market is limited to buy or sell, but this does not touch the real value. It is to this class of security people must look for anything over 4 per cent. soon.

KAFFIR.—Our inquiries lead us to believe our answer as to the broker was quite correct. All the books of reference must be wrong if we are wrong.

H. D.—Thank you for enclosure. We wrote to you on the 8th instant.

J. P.—Thank you for letter and enclosure. We wrote to you on the 8th instant.

T. W. E. C. H.—We believe Slater's do a good business, but the shares are recommended by some advertising touts, which would make us very disinclined to have anything to do with the concern.

NOVICE.—(1) No. (2) This is one of the O'Hagan group; we doubt if there is much market for the shares. When American promotions were in favour the company did well, but we should not be inclined to buy now. (3) We believe this to be a swindle. It has nothing to do with Western Australia, is puffing by the worst class of touts, and is supposed to own some diamond mines in New South Wales.

M. E. S.—(1) An extremely good mining investment. All mines are more or less speculative, but Nundydroog is among the very highest class. When the new stamps start the returns should increase. (2) Consult an Edinburgh broker. The shares are very little dealt in here.

B. 43.—We have a bad opinion of the company you name. Don't buy. It was promoted by one George Plumbly, we believe.

E. W.—We are not at all sweet on the North Queensland Mines Agency. There has been some trouble about paying dividends in scrip instead of cash, which, no doubt, accounts for the comparatively low price. You had better let them alone unless you want a gamble.

J. D. H.—We believe the shares are a bad speculation. Inquiries in the market do not encourage holding.

E. R. G.—All good; we prefer Nos. 1, 5, 3, and 2 in the order named.

ELAN.—We cannot say we have ever had any complaints about these people, but all inquiries we make are unsatisfactory, and especially what we have learnt from America.

LANSBROUGH.—We are away for a short holiday, but fear you have been done; at any rate, the Stock Exchange knows nothing of the company you name. We will make inquiries this week and let you know.

A. M. D.—Why write to the "City Editor" for back numbers of the paper? Surely, if you had used your common sense, you would have written to the manager of the publishing department, or the Editor. We forwarded your letter to the proper quarter, but it caused a delay of forty-eight hours.

NOVICE.—We think very poorly of this Venezuelan mine; perhaps "swindle" is a hard word to use.

D. W. L.—We do not know anything of the mine you inquire about, but probably, if you write to Messrs. Lewis, Robins, and Co.—whose exact address we forget, but whose office is at the corner of Gracechurch Street and Cornhill—you would get some information.

SOMMER CHASS.—If you had sent us the prospectus of the mine we could have advised you, but you may take it from us that you should avoid any salutations, brokers, or other persons recommended by the "Corporation" in question. If you send the papers we will look into it.

MEXICAN CHASS.—As a speculative purchase the bonds are not bad, and any rise in silver would help the price. We should prefer City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds for our own money. "Well managed" is a vague term. We should say that, for Mexico, the line in question is up to the average.